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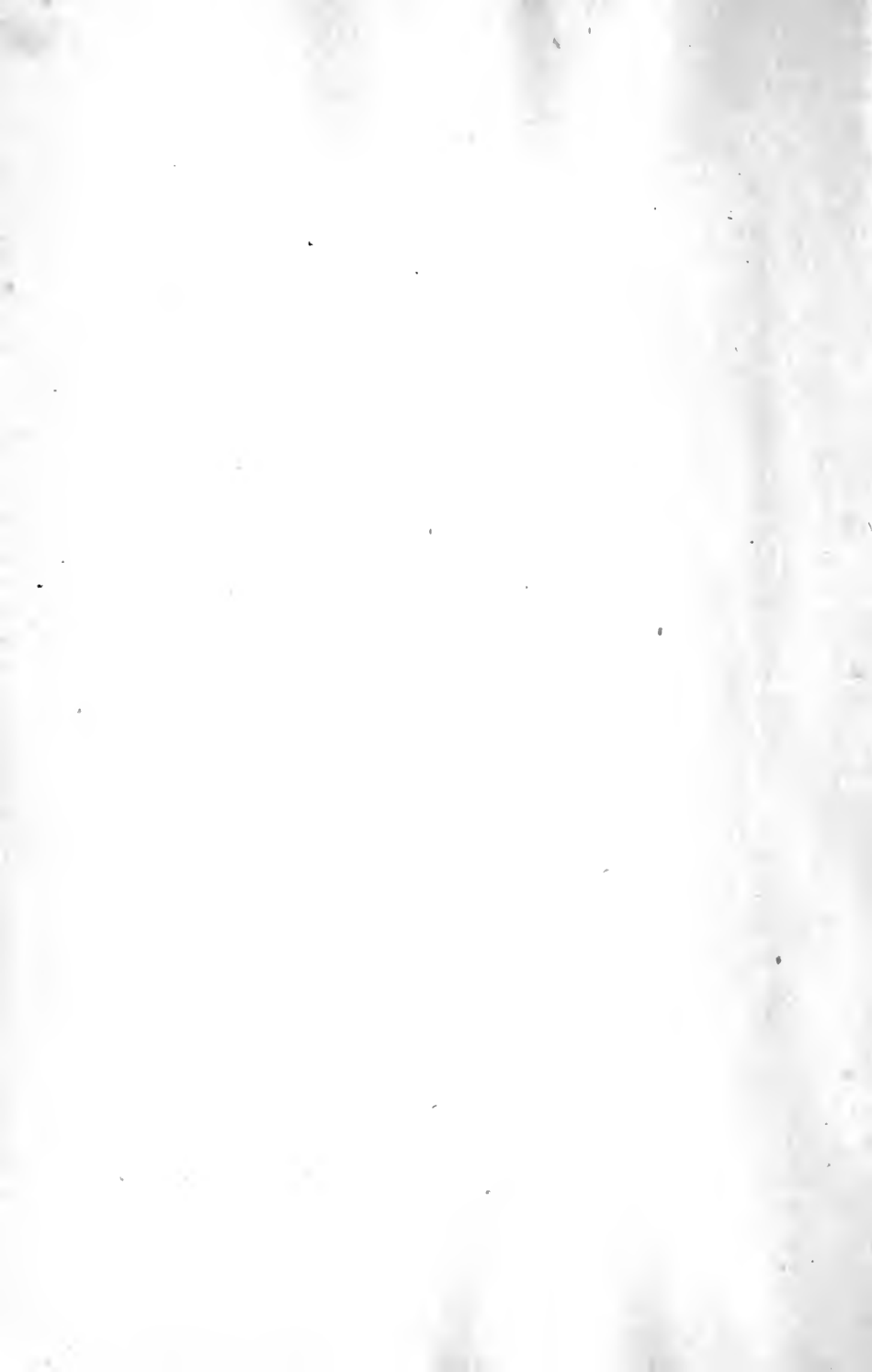
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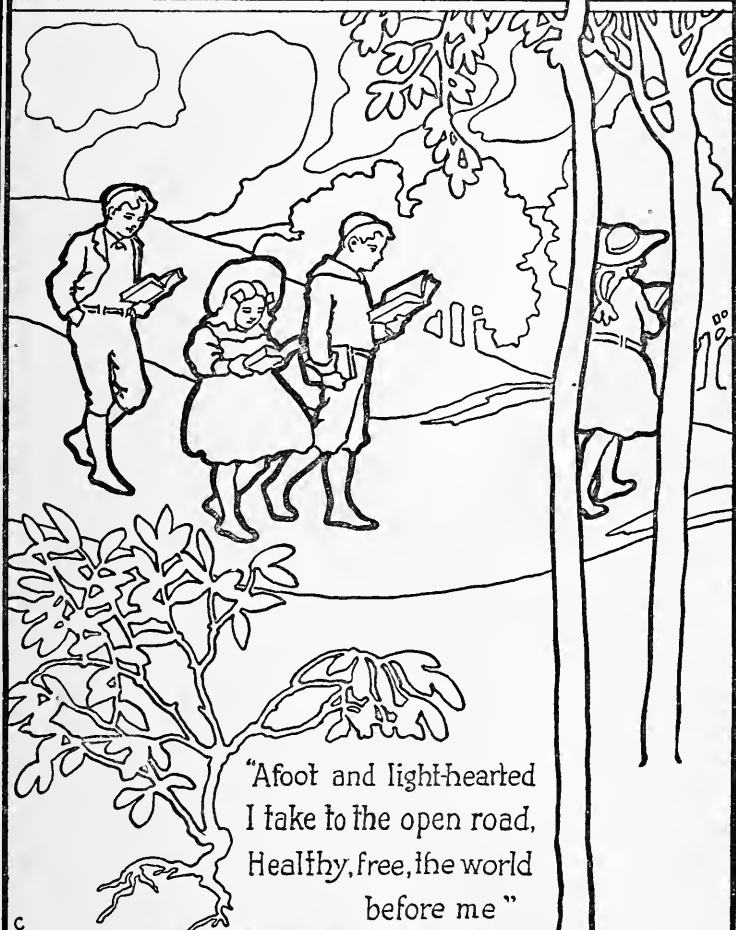
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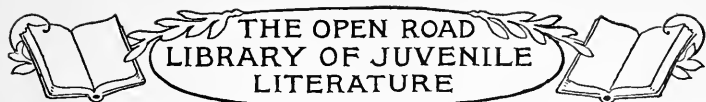


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"Afoot and light-hearted
I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world
before me "

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RHYMES AND STORIES

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
MARION FLORENCE LANSING M.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES COPELAND

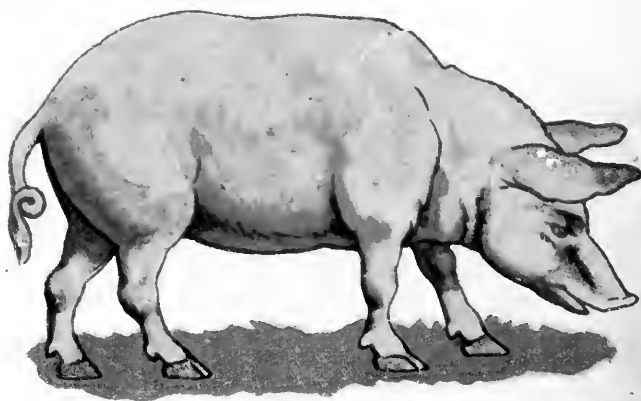


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PREFACE

Rhymes and Stories is the first volume of an intended series under the general title, "The Open Road Library of Juvenile Literature." The object of the series is to provide a consecutive course of reading which shall embrace the lines of children's interests and the requirement for their mental equipment. Fairy and folk lore, myth and legend, history and story, exploration and invention, nature and science, travel and biography, will be given each its share.

Half the present volume has been given to familiar rhymes, many of which have met the ear of the child before he was ready for reading. So extended is the store that we have been obliged to omit many which might well be included in such a collection, but every kind is well represented. For longer stories we have selected the simplest kinds of nonsense tales, such as "Simple Simon," and the cumulative stories, like "The Old Woman and Her Pig." With these have been combined the easiest drolls, or comic anecdotes, represented by "Lazy Jack," and such nursery tales as "The Three Bears."

These stories are the products of folklore nearest to the people, and are in their colloquial language. They reflect the simple English humor which is not to be found to such a degree in the child literature of any other race. In this lies their value, as well as their charm. The language and the style are of a kind which is natural to the child, and his vocabulary and formation of sentences are unconsciously modeled upon them. It has been noticed that children in retelling their stories repeat these old English tales almost word for word, while they are more likely to change the style of those written by the skilled story-teller.

In each case the earliest version accessible has been consulted, and has been compared with later renderings. This has been made possible by access to the collection of folklore in the Harvard Library, which is probably the best in the country. The source usually preferred has been Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, published in 1849, many of whose versions were taken directly from oral tradition. The work has been done under the supervision of my mother,—author of the Stickney Readers, *Bird World*, *Earth and Sky*, etc.,—who has also read the proof. The book will owe much of its charm to the happy interpretations of Mr. Copeland.

M. F. LANSING

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS



“What a naughty boy was that”



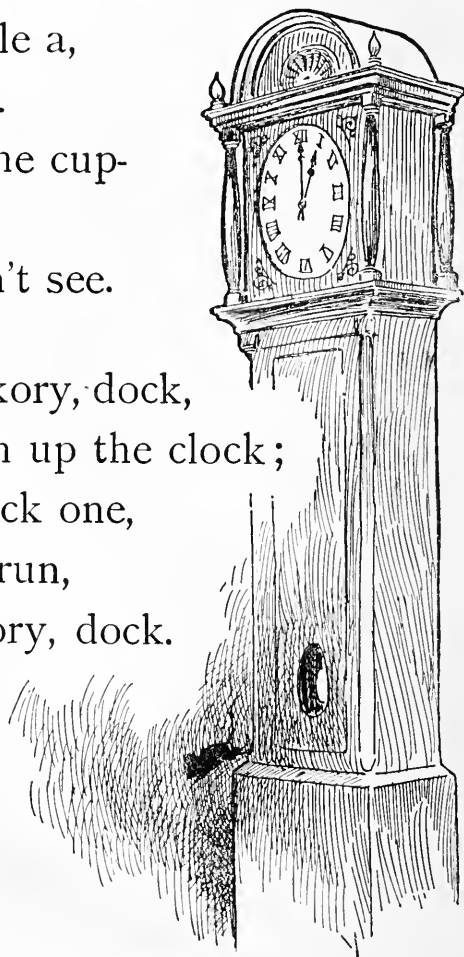
RHYMES AND STORIES

DING, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well !
Who put her in ?
Little Tommy Lin.
Who 'll pull her out ?
Little Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown the poor, poor pussy-cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn !

WHEN Jacky's a very good boy,
He shall have cakes and a custard;
But when he does nothing but cry,
He shall have nothing but mustard.

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B.
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

HICKORY, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
And down he run,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

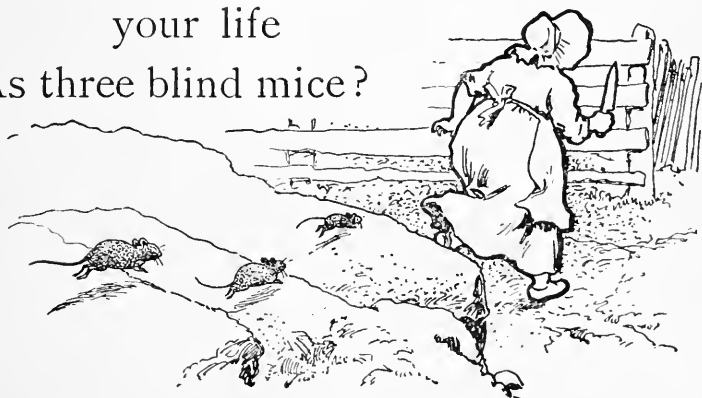


BAA, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, master, have I,
Three bags full:

One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.



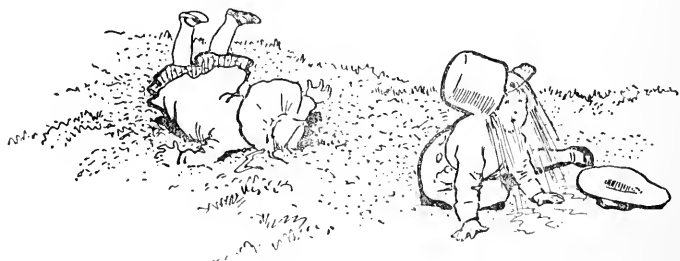
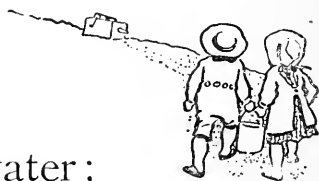
THREE blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving
knife;
Did ever you see such a thing in
your life
As three blind mice?



JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean ;
And so, betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run.
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

JACK and Jill went up
the hill
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

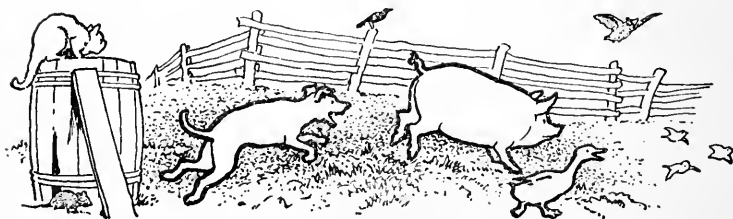


Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to London
To look at the Queen.
Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat,
What did you there?
I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a
tree;
Up went Pussy-cat, down went he.
Down went Pussy-cat, away Robin ran.
Said little Robin Redbreast,
"Catch me if you can!"

RUB-A-DUB-DUB,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker,
Going to the fair all three.

“Bow-wow,” says the dog ;
“Mew, mew,” says the cat ;
“Grunt, grunt,” goes the hog ;
And “squeak,” goes the rat.
“Tu-whoo,” says the owl ;
“Caw, caw,” says the crow.
“Quack, quack,” says the duck ;
And what sparrows say, you know.
So, with sparrows and owls,
With rats and with dogs,
With ducks and with crows,
With cats and with hogs,
A fine song I have made,
To please you, my dear ;
And, if it’s well sung,
’Twill be charming to hear.



SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye ;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie ;
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing ;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King ?

The King was in the counting-house,
Counting out his money ;
The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey ;
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes ;
When up came a blackbird
And nipped off her nose.

MISTRESS Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow ?
With cockle-shells and silver bells
And pretty maids all in a row.

THERE was an old woman who lived
in a shoe,
She had so many children she did n't
know what to do ;
She gave them some broth without any
bread,
She whipped them all soundly and put
them to bed.



HEY! diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
While the dish ran away with the
spoon.



DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY
Has gone up to town,
In a yellow petticoat
And a green gown.

THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.



LITTLE Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe;
What shall little Betty do?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she can walk in two.



ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather;
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin, —
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO !

My dame has lost her shoe ;
My master 's lost his fiddling-stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo !

My dame has found her shoe,
And master 's found his fiddling-stick,
Sing doodle, doodle, doo.

Cock-a-doodle-doo !

My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling-stick
For dame and doodle-doo.

LUCY LOCKET lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Ne'er a penny was there in it,
But the binding round it.



LITTLE Boy Blue, come, blow your
horn;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's
in the corn.
Where's the boy that looks after the
sheep?
He's under the haycock, fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating of Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and took out a
plum,
And said, "What a brave boy am I!"

SEE-SAW, Marjory Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw.

THERE was an old woman tossed up
in a basket,
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon;
But where she was going, I could not
but ask it,
For under her arm she carried a broom.
"Old woman, old woman, old woman,"
said I,
"Whither, O whither, O whither so
high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky,
And I'll be with you by and by."

BETTY PRINGLE had a little pig,
Not very little and not very big;
When he was alive he lived in clover,
But now he's dead, and that's all over.
Billy Pringle he lay down and cried,
Betty Pringle she lay down and died;
So there was an end of one, two, three:
Billy Pringle he,
Betty Pringle she,
And the piggy wiggy wee.

As John and
Jane went through
the lane,
One very pleasant Sunday,
Said John to Jane,
"Unless it rain,
To-morrow will be Monday."



RAIN, rain, go away;
Come again another day.

BLOW, wind, blow ! and go, mill, go !
That the miller may grind his corn ;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

CURLY LOCKS! Curly Locks! wilt thou
 be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet
 feed the swine,
But sit upon a cushion and sew up a
 seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and
 cream !

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
 And that's half ;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall,
 And that's all.

POLLY, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They've all gone away.

HARK, hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town:
Some in rags,
Some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.



SOME mice sat in a barn to spin;
Puss came by, Puss peeped in.
“Shall I come in and cut your threads
off?”
“Oh, no, kind sir! you will snap our
heads off.”



WHAT are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails;
And that's what little boys are made
of, made of.
What are little girls made of, made of,
made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
And that's what little girls are made
of, made of.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER EGGS

THERE was an old woman, as I've
heard tell,
She went to the market her eggs for
to sell;
She went to the market, all on a market
day,
And she fell asleep on the King's high-
way.

There came a little peddler, his name it
was Stout,
He cut off her petticoats all round about;
He cut off her petticoats up to her knees,
Until this old woman began for to
freeze.

When the little old woman began to
awake,
She began to shiver, and she began to
shake;

Her knees began to freeze, and she
began to cry,

“O lawk! oh mercy on me! this surely
can't be I.

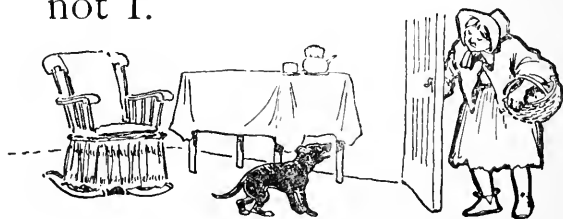
“If it be not I, as I suppose it be,
I have a little dog at home, and he
knows me;

If it be I, he will wag his little tail,
But if it be not I, he'll bark and he'll
rail.”

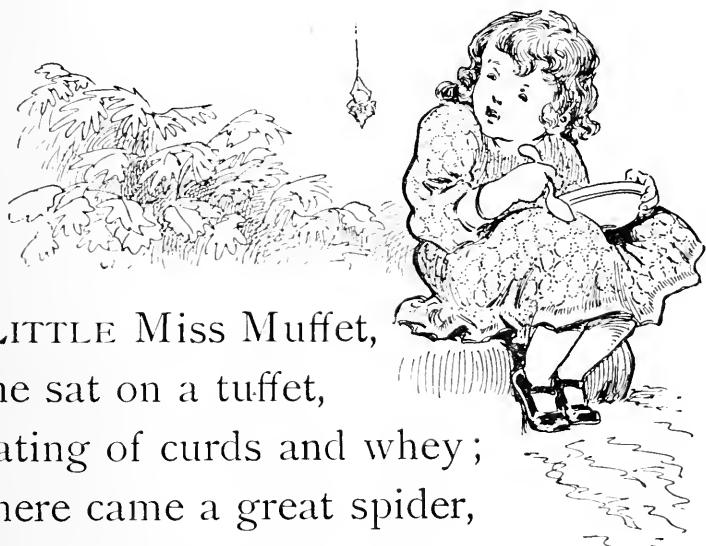
Up jump'd the little woman, all in the
dark,

Up jump'd the little dog, and he began
to bark;

He began to bark, and she began to cry,
“O lawk! oh mercy on me! I see it is
not I.”



BAT, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon ;
And when I bake, I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.



LITTLE Miss Muffet,
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey ;
There came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffet away.

WARM, hands, warm, daddy's gone to
plough ;
If you want to warm hands, warm
hands now.



MOTION RHYMES

TO PLEASE THE BABY

RIDE, baby, ride ;

Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little puppy-dog tied to her
side,

And a little pussy-cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride

To see her grandmother,

To see her grandmother,

To see her grandmother.

THIS is the way the ladies ride :

Canter, canter, canter, canter!

This is the way the ladies ride :

Canter, canter, canter, canter!

This is the way the gentlemen ride :

Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the gentlemen ride :

Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride :
Hobbledy-hoy, hobbledy-hoy !
This is the way the farmers ride :
Hobbledy-hoy, hobbledy-hoy !

To market, to market,
To buy a plum bun ;
Home again, come again,
Market is done.

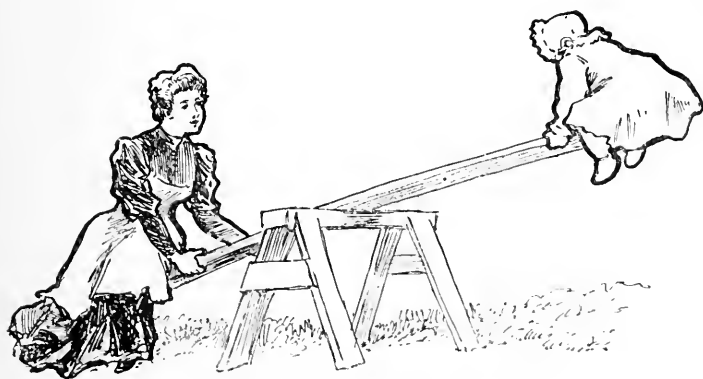
Trot, trot to Boston,
Trot, trot to Lynn ;
Trot, trot to Salem
And back again.

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy 's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rab-
bit's skin,
To wrap his Baby Bunting in.



DANCE, little baby, dance up high;
Never mind, baby, mother is by.
Crow and caper, caper and crow;
There, little baby, there you go —
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and
round;
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
With the merry chorus, ding, ding, ding!

SEE-SAW, Marjory Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master;
And she shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.



FINGERS AND TOES

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
So I do, master, as fast as I can:
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.



THIS little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee!
I can't find my way home."

THIS little cow eats grass;
This little cow eats hay;
This little cow drinks water;
This little cow runs away;
This little cow does nothing
But just lie down all day.
We'll whip her.



FACE PLAYS

HERE sits the Lord Mayor. (forehead)

Here sit his two men. (eyes)

Here sits the cock. (right cheek)

Here sits the hen. (left cheek)

Here sit the little chickens. (tip of nose)

Here they run in. (mouth)

Chinchopper, chinchopper,

Chinchopper, chin! (chuck the chin)



BROW bender,
Eye peeper,
Nose smeller,
Mouth eater,
Chin chopper,



Knock at the door — peep in,
Lift up the latch — walk in.

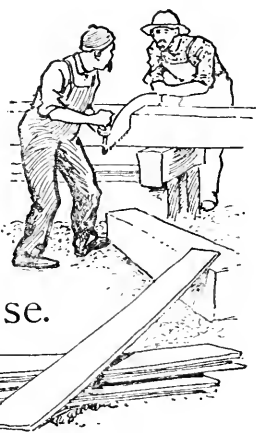
EYE winker,
Tom tinker,
Nose smeller,
Mouth eater,
Chin chopper,
Chin chopper.

SHOE the horse,
Shoe the mare;
But let the little colt go bare.

CHINESE MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

PULLING THE SAW

WE pull the big saw,
We push the big saw,
To saw up the wood,
To build us a house,
In order that baby
May have a good spouse.



FACE GAME

KNOCK at the door,
See a face,
Smell an odor,
Hear a voice,
Eat your dinner,
Pull your chin, or
Ke chih, ke chih.

DON'T BE CRUEL

A MULE going uphill,
A donkey on the street,
Or a horse coming downhill
You never ought to beat.

THISTLE-SEED

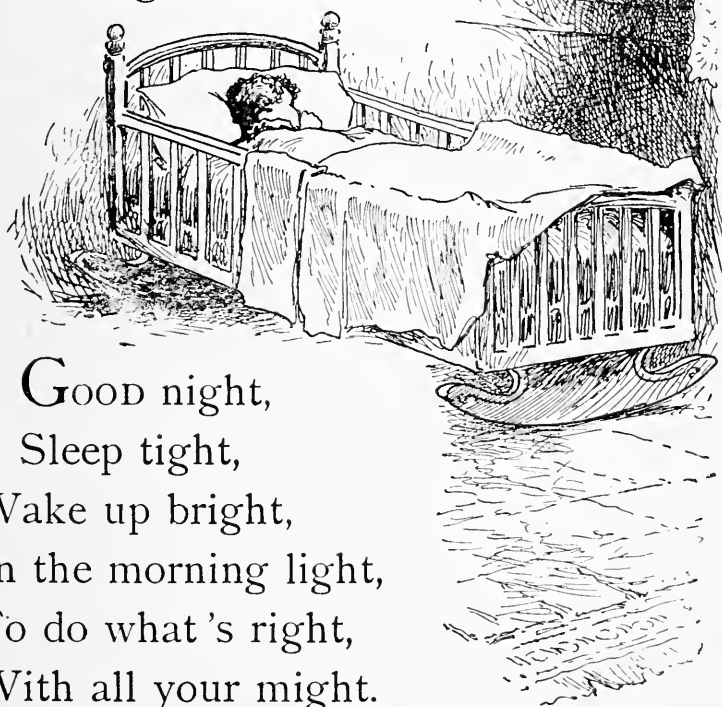
T HISTLE-SEED, thistle-seed,
Fly away, fly ;
The hair on your body
Will take you up high ;
Let the wind whirl you
Around and around,
You 'll not hurt yourself
When you fall to the ground.

THE SENSES

LITTLE eyes see pretty things,
Little nose smells what is sweet,
Little ears hear pleasant sounds,
Mouth likes luscious things to eat.

VESPERS

HUSH-A-BYE, baby,
on the tree top ;
When the wind blows,
the cradle will rock ;
When the bough breaks,
the cradle will fall ;
Down will come baby,
bough, cradle, and all.



Good night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright,
In the morning light,
To do what's right,
With all your might.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits :
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

THERE was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise ;
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes ;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.



OLD Dame Twitchet had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly ;
And every time she went through a gap,
A bit of her tail she left in a trap.

(A needle and thread.)



ELIZABETH, Elspeth,
Betsy, and Bess,
They all went together
To seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest
With five eggs in ;
They all took one,
And left four in.

WHO killed Cock Robin?

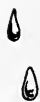
“I,” said the Sparrow,
“With my bow and arrow;
I killed Cock Robin.”

This is the Sparrow,
With his bow and arrow.

Who saw him die?

“I,” said the Fly,
“With my little eye;
I saw him die.”

This is the Fly
That saw him die.



Who caught his blood?

“I,” said the Fish,
“With my little dish;
I caught his blood.”

This is the Fish
With his little dish.



Who made his shroud ?

“ I,” said the Beetle,

“ With my little needle ;

I made his shroud.”

 This is the Beetle

 With his little needle.



Who will be the parson ?

“ I,” said the Rook,

“ With my little book ;

I will be the parson.”

 This is the Rook

 With his little book.



Who will dig his grave ?

“ I,” said the Owl,

“ With my spade and shovel ;

I ’ll dig his grave.”

 This is the Owl,

 With his spade and shovel.

Who will be the clerk?

“I,” said the Lark,

“If ’t is not in the dark ;

I will be the clerk.”



This is the Lark

Who would be the clerk.

Who ’ll carry him to his grave?

“I,” said the Kite,

“If ’t is not in the night ;

I ’ll carry him to the grave.”

This is the Kite,

For ’t was not in the night.

Who ’ll be the chief mourner?

“I,” said the Dove,

“Because of my love ;

I ’ll be chief mourner.”

This is the Dove

That mourns for her
love.



Who 'll sing a psalm?
“I,” said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush;
“I'll sing a psalm.”

This is the Thrush
As she sang in the bush.



Who will bear the pall?
“We,” said the Wren,
Both the Cock and the Hen;
“We will bear the pall.”

This is the Wren,
Both the Cock and the Hen.

“Who will toll the bell?
“I,” said the Bull,
“Because I can pull.”
So Cock Robin farewell.

All the birds of the air
Fell to sobbing and sighing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin's dying.

IN marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.
(An egg.)

DOWN in a dark dungeon I saw a brave
knight,
All saddled, all bridled, all fit for the
fight.
Gilt was his saddle, and bent was his bow;
Thrice I've told you his name, and yet
you don't know.

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a sad fall;
Not all the King's horses,
Nor all the King's men,
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.
(An egg.)

THE THREE KITTENS

THREE little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
“O mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens.”



“What! lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.”
“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”
“No, you shall have no pie.”
“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”

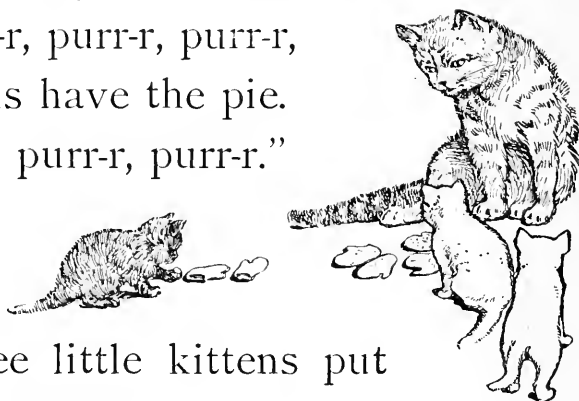


The three little kittens found their
mittens,
And they began to cry,
“O mother dear,
See here, see here!
See! we have found our mittens.”



“Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie.”

“Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have the pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.”

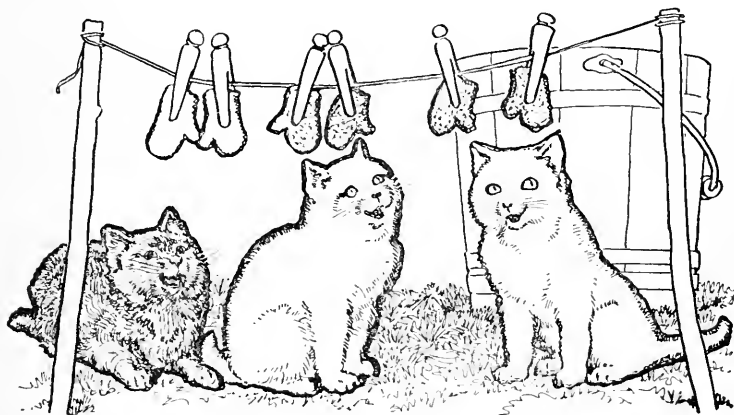


The three little kittens put
on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie.

“O mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens.”

“Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!”
Then they began to sigh,
“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”
Then they began to sigh,
“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”

The three little kittens washed their
mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
“O mother dear,
Do you not hear
That we have washed our mittens?”



“Washed your mittens!
Oh, you’re good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by.
Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow.”
“We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.”



THERE was a little man and he had a
little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead,
lead ;
He went to the brook, and saw a little
duck,
And shot it through the head, head,
head.

He carried it home to his old wife Joan,
And bade her a fire to make, make,
make,
To roast the little duck he had shot in
the brook,
And he'd go and fetch the drake, drake,
drake.

The drake was a-swimming, with his
curly tail ;
The little man made it his mark, mark,
mark !
He let off his gun, but he fired too soon ;
And the drake flew away with a
“ Quack ! quack ! quack ! ”





AN old woman sweeping her house found a little crooked sixpence.

“What,” said she, “shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market and buy a little pig.”

As this old woman was coming home with her pig, she came to a stile; but the pig would not go over the stile.

She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog:

“Pray, dog, bite pig;

Pig won’t get over the stile,

And I sha’n’t get home to-night.”

But the dog would not.

So she went a little further till she
met a stick, and she said :

“ Pray, stick, beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.”
But the stick would not.

So she went a little further, and she
met a fire, and she said :

“ Pray, fire, burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.”
But the fire would not.

So she went a little further, and she
met some water, and she said :

“ Pray, water, quench fire ;
Fire won't burn stick,

Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."
But the water would not.

So she went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said :

"Pray, ox, drink water ;
Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."
But the ox would not.



She went a little further till she met a butcher, and she said :

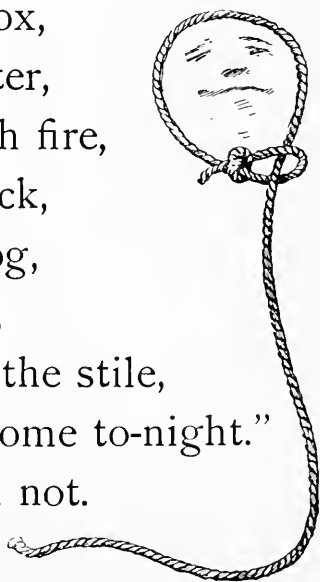
"Pray, butcher, kill ox ;
Ox won't drink water,

Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."
But the butcher would not.



She went a little further till she met
a rope, and she said :

"Pray, rope, hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox,
Ox won't drink water,
Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."
But the rope would not.



She went a little further till she met
a rat, and she said :

“ Pray, rat, gnaw rope ;
Rope won't hang butcher,
Butcher won't kill ox,
Ox won't drink water,
Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night.”
But the rat would not.



She met a cat, and she said :

“ Pray, cat, kill rat ;
Rat won't gnaw rope,
Rope won't hang butcher,
Butcher won't kill ox,
Ox won't drink water,
Water won't quench fire,

Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."

The cat said: "If you will get me a saucer of milk from the cow in yonder field, I will kill the rat."

So the old woman went to the cow, and said: "Cow, cow, will you give me a saucer of milk?"

And the cow said: "If you will get me a bucket of water from yonder brook, I will give you the milk."

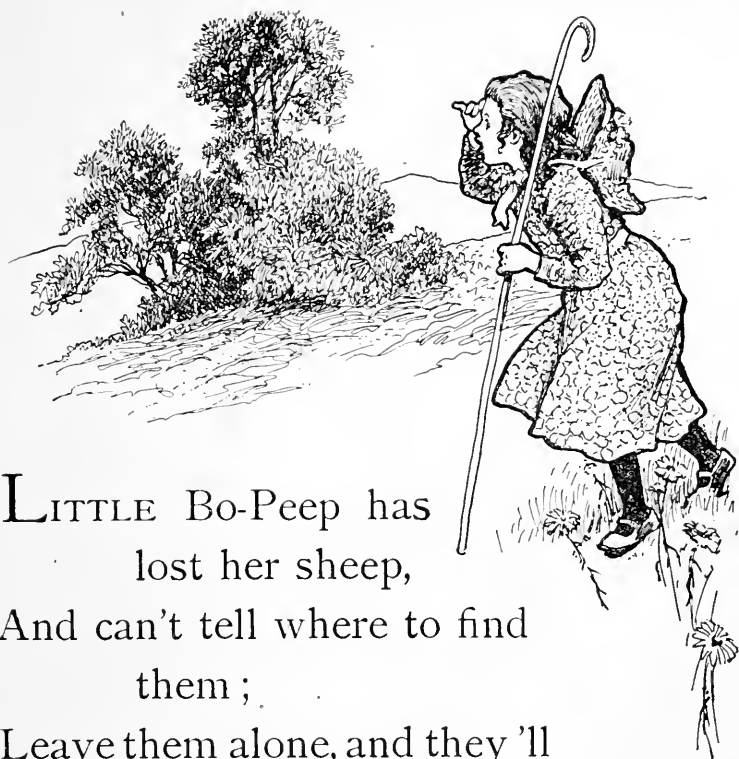
And the old woman took the bucket to the brook, but all the water rushed out through the holes in the bottom.

So she filled up the holes with stones, got the water, and took it to the cow, who at once gave her the saucer of

milk. Then the old woman gave the cat the milk, and when she had lapped up the milk,

The cat began to kill the rat,
The rat began to gnaw the rope,
The rope began to hang the butcher,
The butcher began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,
The water began to quench the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bite the pig,
The pig jumped over the stile,
And so the old woman got home
that night with her pig.





LITTLE Bo-Peep has
lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find
them ;
Leave them alone, and they 'll
come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating ;
But when she awoke she found it a
joke,
For still they all were fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them ;
She found them indeed, but it made her
heart bleed,
For they 'd left all their tails behind 'em!

It happened one day, as Bo-Peep did
stray
Unto a meadow hard by,
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks she raced ;
And tried what she could, as a shep-
herdess should,
That each tail should be properly placed.



MY father he died, but I can't tell you
how.

He left me six horses to drive in my
plow.

I sold my six horses, and I bought me
a cow ;

I'd fain have made a fortune, but did
not know how.

I sold my cow, and I bought me a
calf ;

I'd fain have made a fortune, but lost
the best half.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat ;
A pretty thing she was, in my chimney
corner sat.

I sold my cat, and bought me a mouse ;
He carried fire in his tail, and burnt
down my house.

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea ;
And, oh ! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee !

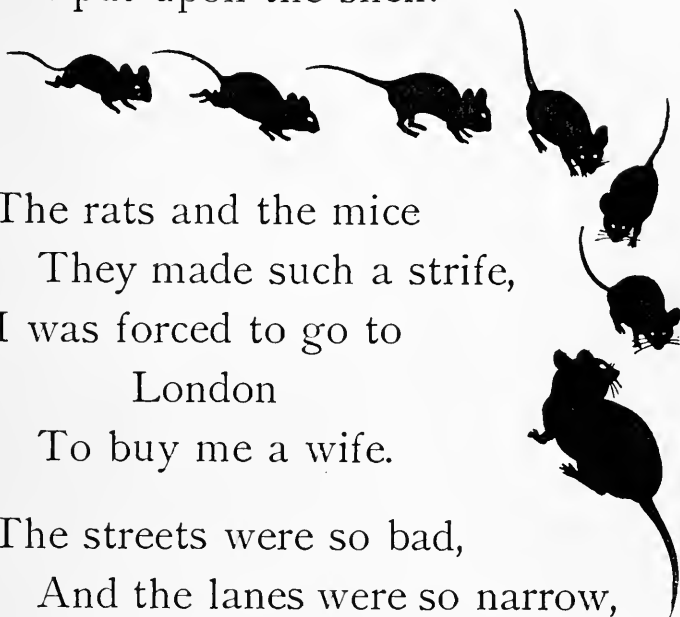


There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold ;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back ;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, " Quack ! quack ! "

WHEN I was a bachelor
I lived by myself ;
And all the bread and cheese I got
I put upon the shelf.



The rats and the mice
They made such a strife,
I was forced to go to
London
To buy me a wife.

The streets were so bad,
And the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home
In a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,
And my wife had a fall,
Down came wheelbarrow,
Little wife and all.



I HAD a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint-pot,
And then I bade him drum.

I bought a little horse,
That galloped up and down;
I bridled him, and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

I gave him little garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little pocket handkerchief,
To wipe his little nose.

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little
fourpence,

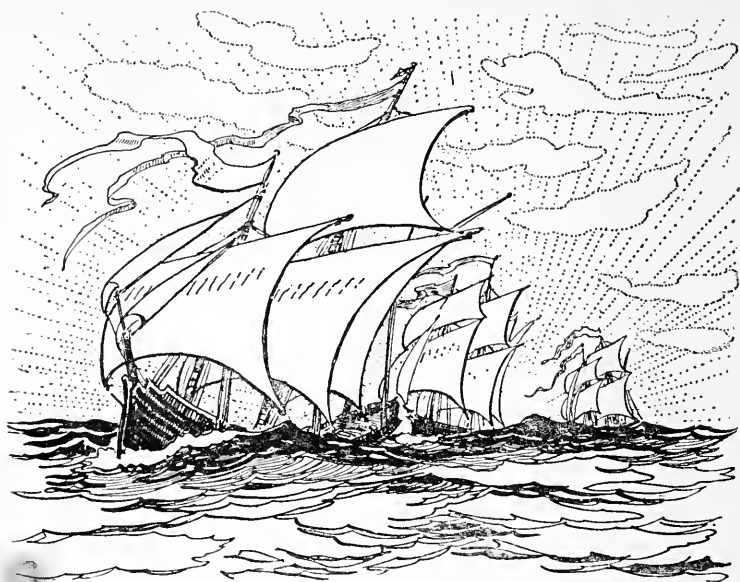
I love fourpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little
twopence,

I love twopence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little
nothing,

What will nothing buy for my wife ?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.



I SAW three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by,
I saw three ships come sailing by,
New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them
then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them
then,
New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then —
Three pretty girls were in them then,
New Year's Day in the morning.



One could whistle, and another could
sing,
And the other could play on the violin —
Such joy there was at my wedding,
New Year's Day in the morning.

THIS is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes ;
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early in the morning !



This is the way we dry our clothes,
Dry our clothes, dry our clothes ;
This is the way we dry our clothes,
So early in the morning !

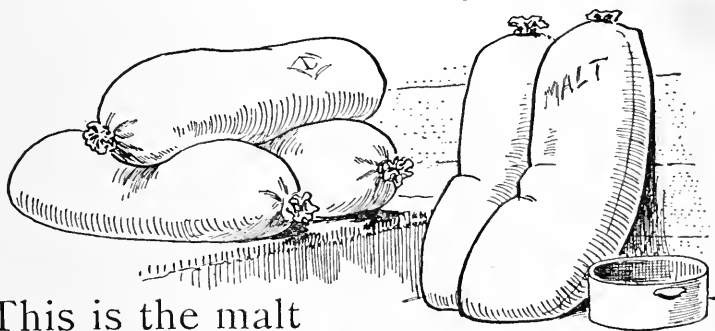
This is the way we mend our shoes,
Mend our shoes, mend our shoes ;
This is the way we mend our shoes,
So early in the morning !

This is the way the ladies walk,
Ladies walk, ladies walk ;
This is the way the ladies walk,
So early in the morning !

This is the way the gentlemen walk,
Gentlemen walk, gentlemen walk ;
This is the way the gentlemen walk,
So early in the morning !



THIS is the house that Jack built.

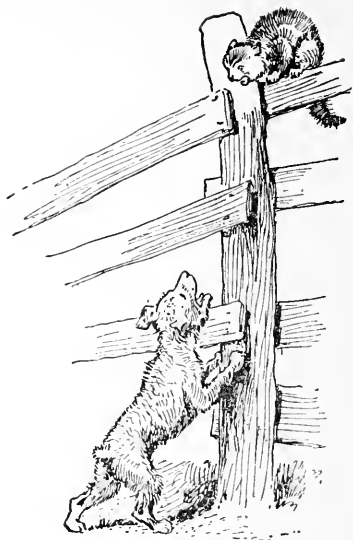


This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



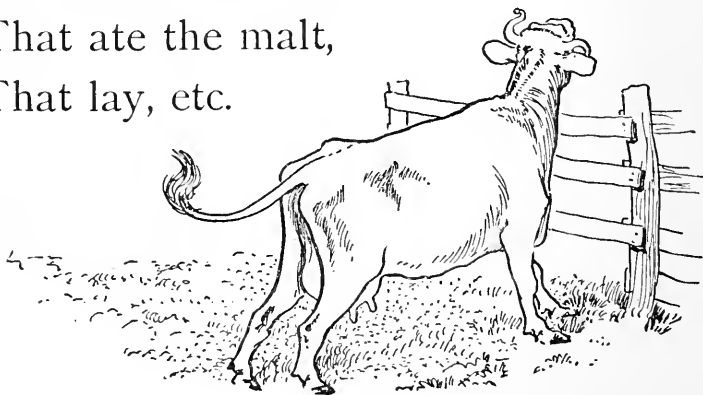
This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay, etc.



This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the, etc.

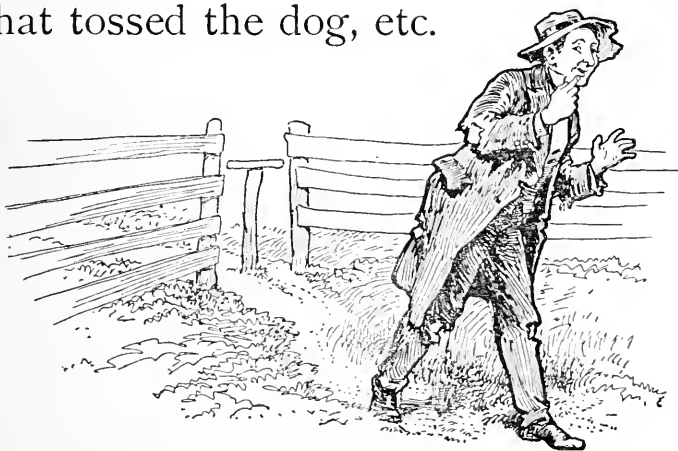
This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay, etc.

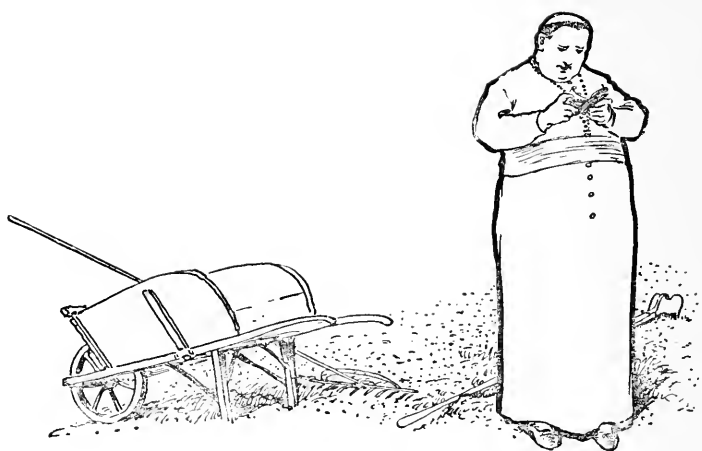


This is the maiden all
forlorn,
That milked the cow
with the crum-
pled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That, etc.



This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog, etc.





This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and
torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn, etc.

This is the cock that
crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest
all shaven and shorn,
That married the man
all tattered and torn, etc.





This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the
morn,
That wakened the priest all shaven and
shorn,
That married the man all tattered and
torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

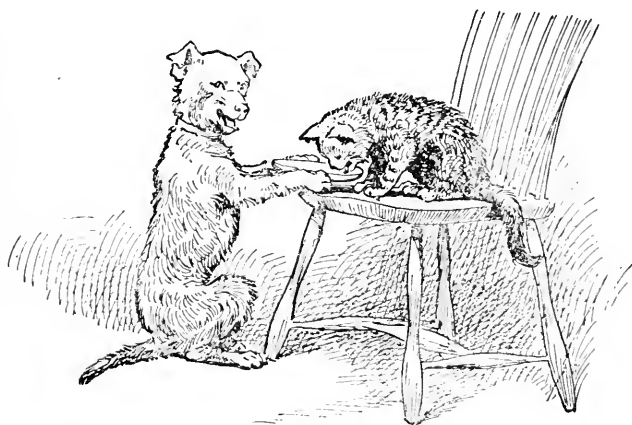


OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
 To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
 To buy him some bread;
But when she came back,
 The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin;
But when she came back,
The poor dog was laughing.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat;
But when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.



She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig;
But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit ;
But when she came back,
He was playing the flute.



She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat ;
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes ;
But when she came back,
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress'
To buy him some linen;
But when she came back,
The dog was a-spinning.

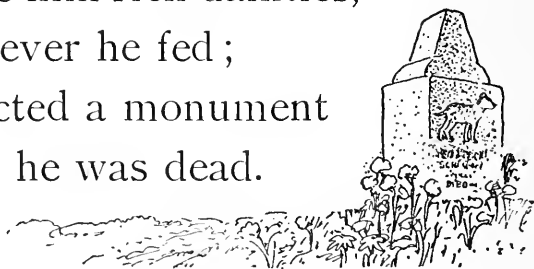
She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose;
But when she came back,
He was dressed in his clothes.



The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow, wow."

The wonderful dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight ;
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties,
Whenever he fed ;
And erected a monument
When he was dead.



I 'LL tell you a story
About Jack a Nory, —
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another
About his brother, —
And now my story is done.

THE King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men ;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

LONDON bridge is broken down,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.



How shall we build it up again?
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
Build it over with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;

Silver and gold may be stolen away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance over, my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 't will last for ages long,
My gay lady.



OLD Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'T was built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
A plain-looking lad;
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.



She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought:
“Here! mother,” says he,
“It will not go for naught.”

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond;
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.



Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell.
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.



SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“Let me taste your ware.”

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
“Show me first your penny.”
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“Indeed I have not any.”

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he could find
Was in his mother's pail!

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.



He went to catch a dicky bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he had a little salt
To put upon its tail.

He went for water with a sieve,
But soon it all ran through ;
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.

SEE a pin and pick it up,
All the day you 'll have good luck ;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you 'll have all the day.

THE man in the wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grew in the
sea.

I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the
wood.

JACK be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack, jump over the candlestick !



Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap ;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg.
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

My true love lives far from me,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.
Many a rich present he sends to me,

Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic.

He sent me a goose without a bone ;
He sent me a cherry without a stone.

Petrum, &c.

He sent me a Bible no man could read ;
He sent me a blanket without a thread.

Petrum, &c.

How could there be a goose without a
bone ?

How could there be a cherry without
a stone ?

Petrum, &c.



How could there be a Bible no man
could read?

How could there be a blanket without
a thread?

Petrum, &c.

When the goose is in the eggshell,
there is no bone;

When the cherry is in the blossom,
there is no stone;

Petrum, &c.

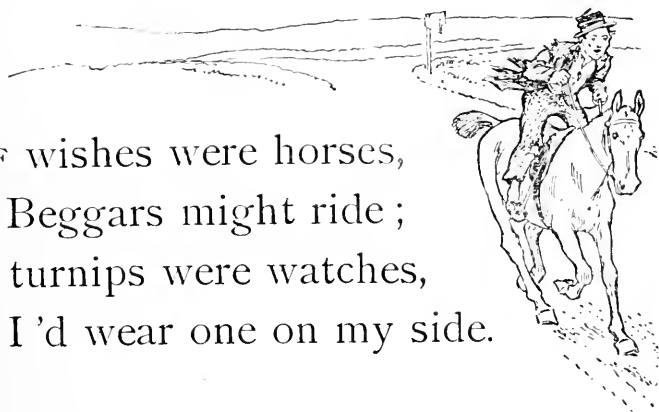
When the Bible is in the press, no
man it can read;

When the wool is on the sheep's back,
there is no thread.

Petrum, &c.



IF I'd as much money as I could
spend,
I never would cry, "Old tubs to mend!"



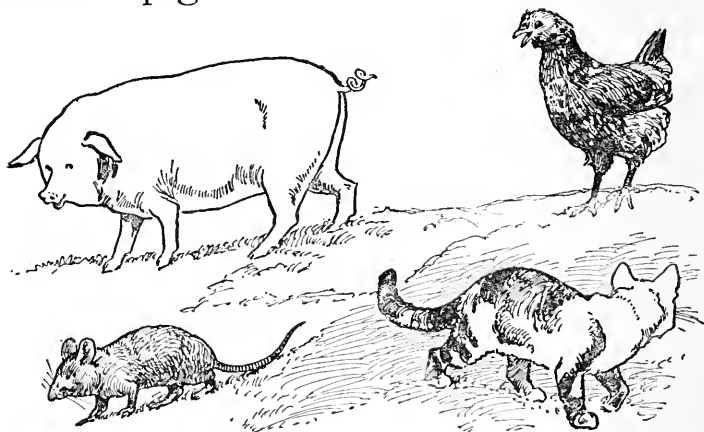
IF wishes were horses,
Beggars might ride ;
If turnips were watches,
I'd wear one on my side.

And if "ifs" and "ands"
Were pots and pans,
There would be no use for tinkers.

If all the world were apple pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

THE LITTLE RED HEN AND THE GRAIN OF WHEAT

A LITTLE red hen once found a grain of wheat. "Who will plant this wheat?" she said. "I won't," said the rat. "I won't," said the cat. "I won't," said the pig.



"Then I will myself," said the little red hen, and she did.

When the wheat was ripe, she said, "Who will gather this wheat?" "I won't," said the rat. "I won't," said the cat. "I won't," said the

pig. "Then I will myself," said the little red hen, and she did.

When the wheat was gathered, she said, "Who will take this wheat to the mill?" "I won't," said the rat. "I won't," said the cat. "I won't," said the pig. "Then I will myself," said the little red hen, and she did.

When the flour was ground, she said, "Who will bake this flour into bread?" "I won't," said the rat. "I won't," said the cat. "I won't," said the pig. "Then I will myself," said the little red hen, and she did.

When the bread was baked, she said, "Who will eat this bread?" "I will," said the rat. "I will," said the cat. "I will," said the pig.

"No, you won't," said the little red hen. "I will do that myself," and she did.



THE LADYBIRD AND THE FLY

A FLY and a ladybird once kept house together.

They made their tea in an eggshell.

One day the ladybird fell in and was burned.

The fly set up such a scream that the little door of the room asked, "Why do you scream so, fly?"

"Because ladybird has burned herself," said the fly.

Then began the door to creak.

"Door, why do you creak?" asked the little broom in the corner.

"Shall I not creak?"

Ladybird is burned,
And little fly weeps."

Then began the broom to sweep
with all its might.

By and by a stream passed the door,
and it said, "Why do you sweep so,
little broom?"

"Shall I not sweep?"
said the broom.

"Ladybird is burned,
Little fly weeps,
And little door creaks."



Then said the stream, "So will I
run"; and it ran as fast as it could.

"Why are you running so?" asked
a fire.

"Shall I not run," it asked,

"When ladybird is burned,
And little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
And little broom sweeps?"

Then said the fire, "So will I burn";
and it burned into a fearful flame.

A tree grew near the fire, and it said, "Fire, why do you burn?"

"Why should I not burn," it replied,

"When ladybird is burned,
And little fly weeps,
The little door creaks,
The little broom sweeps,
And little stream runs?"



Then said the little tree, "So will I rustle." And it began to shake so hard that the leaves fell off.

A little maid came by with her water pitcher, and she said, "Tree, why do you rustle so?"

"Shall I not rustle?" the tree replied.

"Ladybird is burned,
Little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps,
Little stream runs,
And little fire burns."

“Then I will break my little pitcher,”
said the maiden.

So she broke her pitcher.

Then said the well, as the water
flowed out, “Maiden, why do you break
your pitcher?”

“Shall I not break my pitcher,”
she said,

“When ladybird is burned,
And little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
And little broom sweeps,
Little stream runs,
Little fire burns,
And little tree rustles?”



“Ah!” said the well, “Then I will
begin to flow.”

And the water flowed so fast that
the maiden, the tree, the stream, the
broom, the door, the fly, and the lady-
bird were all drowned together.



THE ROBIN'S YULE SONG

THERE was once an old gray Pussy, and she went down by the waterside; and there she saw wee Robin Red-breast hopping on a brier.

And Pussy said, "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And wee Robin said, "I am going to the King, to sing him a song this good Yule morning."

And Pussy said, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny white ring round my neck."

But wee Robin said, "No, no, gray Pussy; no, no! You worried the wee Mousie; but you shall not worry me."

So wee Robin flew away and away till he came to a turf wall, and there he saw a gray, greedy Hawk sitting.

And the gray, greedy Hawk said, "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And wee Robin said, "I am going to the King, to sing him a song this fine Yule morning."



And the gray, greedy Hawk said, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny feather in my wing."

But wee Robin said, "No, no, gray, greedy Hawk; no, no! You pecked at the wee Linnet; but you shan't peck me."

So wee Robin flew away till he came to the side of a rock, and there he saw a sly Fox sitting.

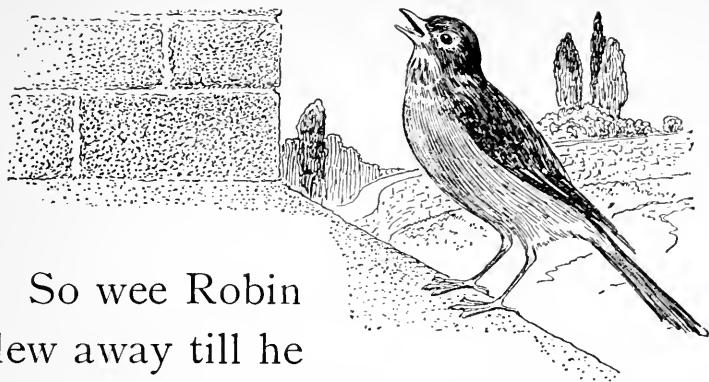
And the sly Fox said, "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And wee Robin said, "I am going to the King, to sing him a song this fine Yule morning."



And the sly Fox said, "Come, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny spot on the top of my tail."

But wee Robin said, "No, no, sly Fox; no, no! You worried the wee Lamb; but you shan't worry me."

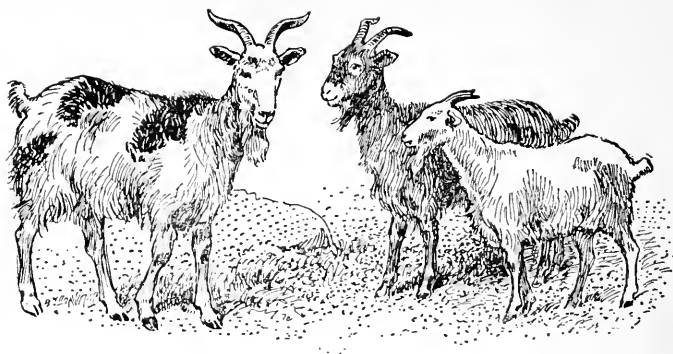


So wee Robin
flew away till he
came to the King; and there he sat
on a window sill, and sang to the King
a bonny song.

And the King said to the Queen,
“What shall we give to the wee Robin
for singing us this bonny song?”

And the Queen said to the King,
“I think we’ll give him the wee Wren
to be his wife.”

So wee Robin and the wee Wren
were married, and the King and Queen
and all the court danced at the wed-
ding: and afterward wee Robin flew
away home to his own waterside, and
hopped on a brier.



THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

ONCE upon a time there were three billy goats, who went up the hillside to make themselves fat, and the name of all the three was "Gruff."

On the way up was a bridge over a brook; and under the bridge lived a great, ugly troll, with eyes as big as saucers, and a nose as long as your arm.

First of all came the youngest billy goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

Trip trap! trip trap! went the bridge. "Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

“Oh, it is only I, the tiniest billy goat Gruff; and I’m going up the hillside to make myself fat,” said the billy goat, with such a small voice.

“Now I’m coming to gobble you up,” said the troll.

“Oh, no, pray don’t take me! I’m too little—that I am,” said the billy goat. “Wait a bit till the next billy goat Gruff comes; he’s much bigger.”

“Well, be off with you!” said the troll.

A little while after came the second billy goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

Trip trap! trip trap! trip trap!
went the bridge.

“Who’s that tripping over my bridge?” roared the troll.

“Oh, it’s the second billy goat Gruff; and I’m going up the hillside to make myself fat,” said the billy goat, who had n’t such a small voice.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up," said the troll.

"Oh, no, don't take me! wait a little till the big billy goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger."



"Very well, be off with you!" said the troll.

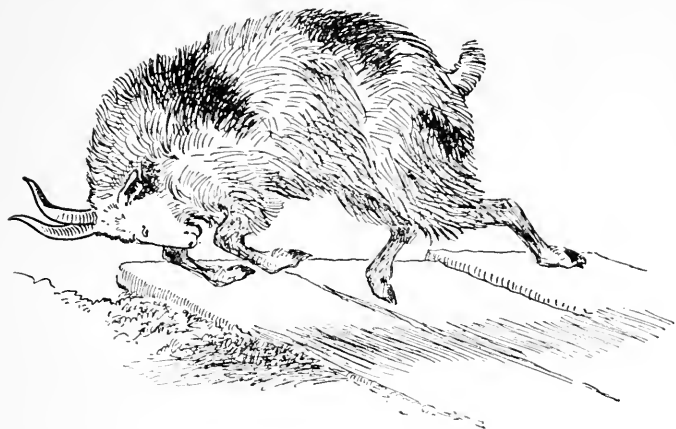
But just then came the big billy goat Gruff.

Trip trap! trip trap!
trip trap! went the bridge, for the billy goat was so heavy that the bridge creaked under him.

"Who's that tramping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"It's I, the big billy goat Gruff," said the billy goat, who had an ugly, hoarse voice of his own.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up," roared the troll from where he lived under the bridge over the brook.



“Well, come along!” said the big billy goat; and so he ran at the troll, and poked him with his horns, and tossed him over into the brook, and after that he went up the hillside where the two other billy goats had gone.

The billy goats got so fat they were hardly able to walk home again; and if the fat has n’t fallen off them, why, they are fat still; and so, as the Norse boys used to say,

Snip, snap, snout,
This tale’s told out.



LITTLE DAME CRUMP

LITTLE Dame Crump, with her little
hair broom,
One morning was sweeping her little
bedroom,
When, casting her little gray eyes on
the ground,
In a sly little corner a penny she found.

“Ods bobs!” cried the dame, while
she stared with surprise,
“How lucky I am! bless my heart,
what a prize!

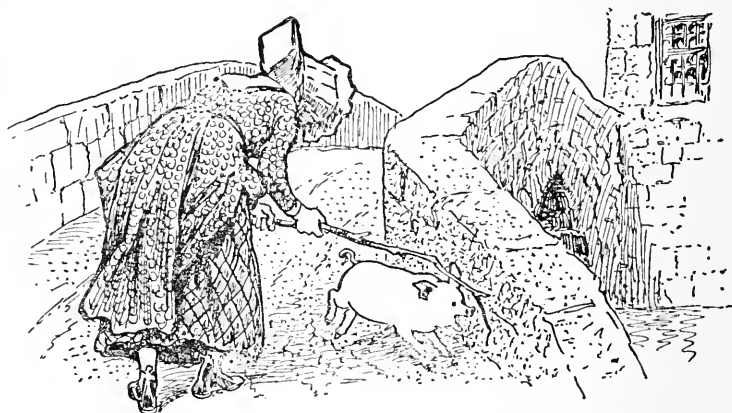
To market I'll go, and a pig I will
buy,
And little John Gubbins shall make
him a sty."

So she washed her face clean, and put
on her gown,
And locked up the house, and set off
for the town.

Then to market she went, and a purchase she made
Of a little white pig, and a penny she
paid.

When she'd purchased the pig, she
was puzzled to know
How they both should get home, if
the pig would not go.
So, fearing lest Piggie should play her
a trick,
She drove him along with a little crab
stick.

Piggie ran till they came to the foot
of a hill,
Where a little bridge stood o'er the
stream of a mill.
Piggie grunted and squeaked, but no
farther would go:
Oh, fie! Piggie, fie! to serve little
dame so.



She went to the mill, and she borrowed
a sack
To put the pig in, and took him on
her back.
Piggie squeaked to get out, but the
little dame said,

“If you won’t go by fair means, why
you must be made.”

At last to the end of her journey she
came,

And was mightily glad when she got
the pig hame.

She carried him straight to his nice
little sty,

And gave him some hay and clean
straw nice and dry.

With a handful of peas then Piggie
she fed,

And put on her nightcap and got into
bed.

Having first said her prayers, she
extinguished the light,

And being quite tired, we’ll wish her
goodnight.





THE STORY OF CHICKEN-LITTLE

CHICKEN-LITTLE went into the garden one day, — where she had no right to be, — and a cabbage leaf fell upon her tail.

With all her might she ran, not once stopping to look behind, and soon she met Hen-Pen.

“ Hen-Pen, Hen-Pen ! ” she cried, “ the sky is falling ! I saw it ; I heard it ; and part of it fell upon my tail.”

Then they both ran until they met Cock-Lock.

“ O Cock-Lock,” said Hen-Pen, “ we must run, for the sky is falling ! ”

“Why, who told you so?” said Cock-Lock.

“Chicken-Little told me,” said Hen-Pen.

“And how did Chicken-Little know?”

“She saw it, and she heard it, and part of it fell upon her poor tail.”

And now all three ran as if for their lives.

“Where are you going in such haste?” asked Duck-Luck, whom they met in the way.

“Run with us, Duck-Luck, for the sky is falling!” said Cock-Lock.

“How do you know?” asked Duck-Luck in fright.

“Why, Hen-Pen told me.”

“But how did Hen-Pen know?”

“She had it from Chicken-Little, who saw it, and heard it, and part of it fell upon her tail.”

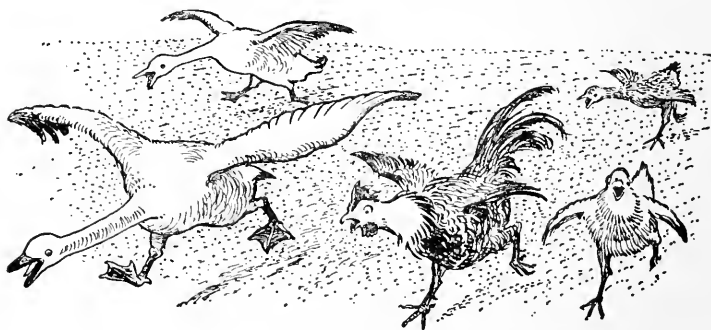
And now they all ran, — you never saw such a sight, — and by chance they met Goose-Loose.

“Goose-Loose,” said Duck-Luck, “have you heard that the sky is falling?”

“No, no,” said Goose-Loose. “How did you know?”

“Cock-Lock told me; he had it from Hen-Pen; Chicken-Little told her; she saw it, and heard it, and part of it fell upon her poor tail.”

And so there were five to run, — Goose-Loose, Duck-Luck, Cock-Lock, Hen-Pen, and poor Chicken-Little.



They ran and ran till they met Turkey-Lurkey, to whom they told the same tale, and he ran with them to get away from the falling sky.

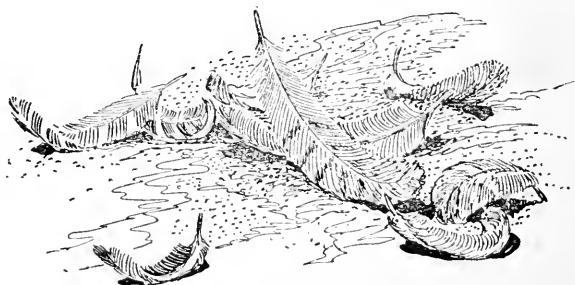


Next, whom should they meet but the fox, who was on his way to the wood. "Good day to you," said he; "where may you all be going in such haste this fine morning?"

“Fox-Lox,” said all of them at once, “tell us what to do, for the sky is falling!”

“Ah!” said the fox, “is that so? Then I must see what I can do for you. I have a snug, safe little place under the ground. You shall all come in and stay till the sky has fallen, and it won’t hurt you at all.”

So they all went in,—Turkey-Lurkey, Goose-Loose, Duck-Luck, Cock-Lock, Hen-Pen, and Chicken-Little,—into the hole where lived the cunning Fox-Lox with her hungry little cubs. And Fox-Lox went in too, but they never came out to see if the sky had fallen.



THE THREE BEARS

ONCE upon a time there were three bears. They lived together in a house of their own in a wood.

One of them was a Little Small Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear; and the other was a Great Huge Bear.

They had each a pot for their porridge: a little pot for the Little Small Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear; and a great pot for the Great Huge Bear.

And they had each a chair to sit in: a little chair for the Little Small Wee Bear; a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great Huge Bear.

And they had each a bed to sleep in: a little bed for the Little Small Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for



the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great Huge Bear.

One day they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge pots. Then they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling. They did not wish to burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it.



In that same far-off country there lived a little girl. She was called Silver Hair, because her light curly hair shone so brightly.

She was a sad romp; and so restless she could not be kept quiet, but

ran out and away, and often without leave.

One day she went into the wood to gather wild flowers, and into the fields to chase butterflies. She ran here and there and everywhere, till at last she found herself in a lonely wood.

There she saw the snug little house where the three bears lived when they were at home.

First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped into the keyhole, and seeing no one in the house, she lifted the latch.

The door was not locked, for the bears were good bears, who did no one harm, and did not think any one would harm them.

So Silver Hair went in. And well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table.

She tasted the porridge of the Great Huge Bear, and found it too hot for her.

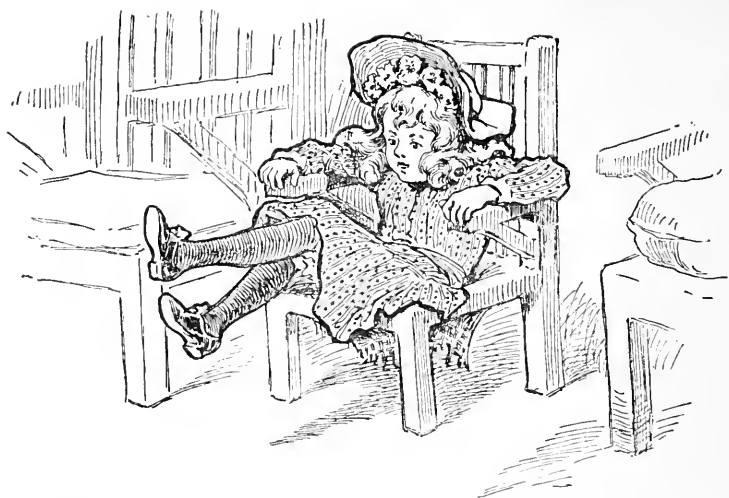
Then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and found it too cold for her.

And then she went to the porridge of the Little Small Wee Bear, and found it neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well that she ate it all up.

Then little Silver Hair sat down in the chair of the Great Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her.

She sat down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her.

And then she sat down in the chair of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right.



But she sat in it so hard that the bottom fell out, and she fell through almost to the floor.

Then Silver Hair went upstairs to the chamber where the bears slept.

And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great Huge Bear, but that was too high at the head.

And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear, and that was too high at the foot.

And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little Small Wee Bear, and that

was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right.

So she lay down upon it and fell fast asleep.

While little Silver Hair lay fast asleep, the three bears came home from their walk.

They thought their porridge would be cool enough by this time, and they went to breakfast.

Now little Silver Hair had left the spoon of the Great Huge Bear standing in his porridge.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!” said he, in his great rough, gruff voice.

And the Middle Bear looked at his pot of porridge and said, in his middle-sized voice:

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!”

And the Little Bear looked at his porridge and said, in a little soft, wee voice:

"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!"

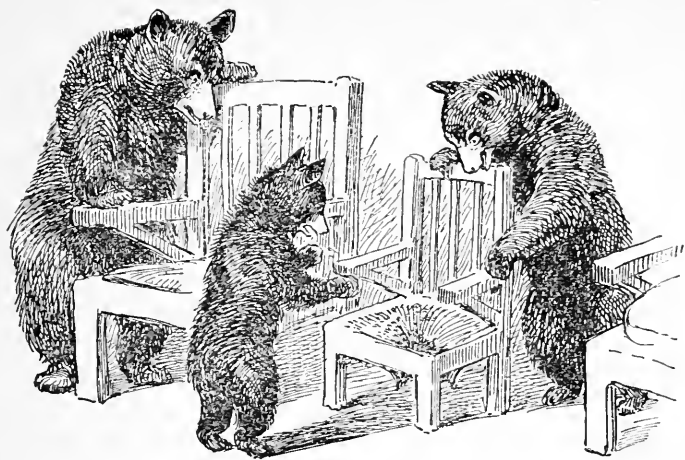
And so the three bears began to look about to find the thief.

Now little Silver Hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great Huge Bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Great Huge Bear, in his great rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver Hair had pressed down the cushion of the Middle Bear when she sat upon it.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Middle Bear, in his middle-sized voice.



And you know very well what Silver Hair had done to the third chair.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out!" said the Little Bear, in his little soft, wee voice.

Then the three bears thought they would search further; so they went upstairs to look into their chambers.

Now little Silver Hair had pulled the pillow of the Great Huge Bear out of its place.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED!” growled the Great Huge Bear, in his great rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver Hair had pulled the pillow of the Middle Bear out of its place.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED!” said the Middle Bear, in his middle-sized voice.

And when the Little Small Wee Bear came to look at his bed the pillow was in its right place, but upon the pillow was the head of little Silver Hair, which was not in its right place, for she had no business there.

“Somebody has been lying on my bed—and here she is!” piped the Little Small Wee Bear, in his little soft, wee voice.

Little Silver Hair had heard in her sleep the great rough, gruff voice of the Great Huge Bear, but she was so fast asleep that it was like the roaring of the wind, and she did not wake.

And the middle-sized voice of the Middle Bear was as if she heard some one speaking in her dream.

But when she heard the little small, wee voice of the Little Small Wee Bear it was so sharp and so shrill that it woke her at once. Up she jumped; and when she saw the three bears at one side she tumbled out at the other, and ran to the window.

Now the window was open, for good, tidy bears always open their windows when they get up in the morning.

Out Silver Hair jumped, and away she ran into the wood; and the three bears never saw anything more of her.

THE LITTLE RED HEN

THERE was once a little red hen that lived in a house by herself in the wood. And over the hill, in a hole in the rocks, lived a sly, crafty old fox.

Now this crafty old fellow of a fox lay awake nights, and prowled slyly about days, trying to think how he should get the little red hen. He wanted to carry her home to boil for his supper.

But the wise little hen never left her house without locking the door and putting the key safe in her pocket; so the old fox watched and prowled and lay awake nights till he grew pale and thin, but he found no way to get the wise little red hen.

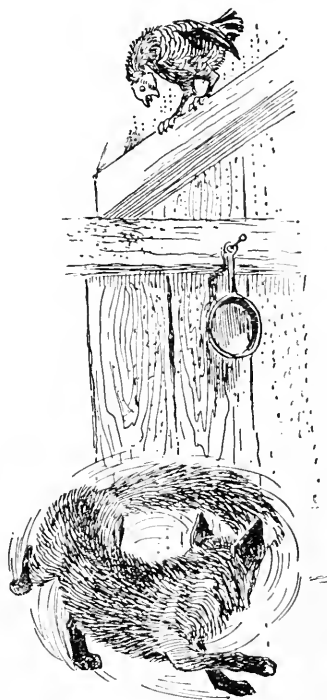
At last one morning he took a big bag over his shoulder, and said to his mother:

“Mother, have the pot boiling when I come home, for I’ll bring the little red hen for our supper.”

Away he went over the hill and through the wood to where the red hen lived in her snug little house.

Just at that moment out came the little red hen to pick up sticks for her fire, and in slipped the fox and hid behind the door.

In came the hen in a minute and locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. When she saw the fox she dropped her sticks and flew with a great flutter up to the big beam across the house under the roof.



“Ah,” said the sly fox, “I’ll soon bring you down.” And he began to whirl around and around and around, faster and faster and faster, after his big, bushy tail.

The little red hen looked at him till she got so dizzy that she fell off the beam to the floor. The fox caught her and put her into his bag and started straight for home.

Up the wood and down the wood he went with the little red hen shut tight in the bag. She thought it was all over with her.

After a while the fox lay down to rest. Then she came to her wits, and put her hand into her pocket and took out a bright little pair of scissors. With them she snipped a hole in the bag. She leaped out and picked up a big stone and dropped it into the

bag and ran home as fast as her legs could carry her.

The fox waked up and started again with his bag over his shoulders. "How heavy the little red hen is," he said, "that I am to have for my supper."

His mother was standing at the door of his den waiting for him. "Mother," he said, "have you the pot boiling?" "Yes, to be sure!" said she, "and have you the little red hen?"

"Yes, here in my bag. Lift the lid, and let me put her in," said the fox.

The fox untied the bag and held it over the boiling water and shook it. The heavy stone fell into the water with a splash which went up over the fox and his mother and scalded them. And the little red hen lived safe in her house in the wood.

THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

THERE was an old sow with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them she sent them out to seek their fortunes. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw and said to him: "Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house."



Which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it.

Presently a wolf came along and knocked at the door of the little house, and said:

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in.” To which the pig replied:

“No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin.”

The wolf then answered: “Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the poor little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze, and said: “Please, man, give me that furze to build a house.”

Which the man did, and the pig built his house with it.

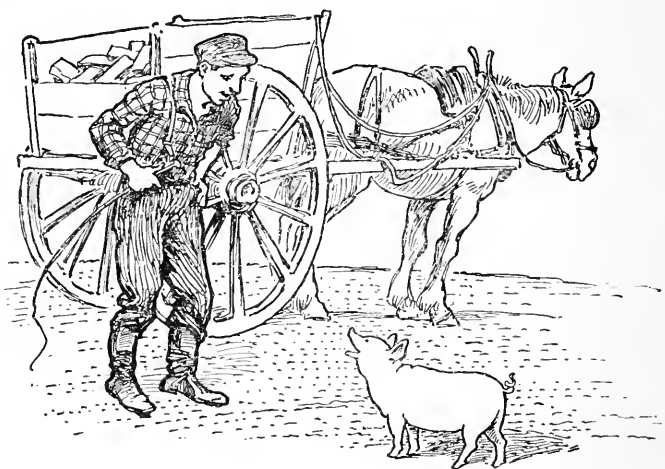
Then along came the wolf, and said: “Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”



“No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin,” said the pig.

“Then I’ll puff, and I’ll huff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the poor little pig.



The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and he said: “Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with.”

So the man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them, and

the wolf came as he had come to the other little pigs, and said :

“ Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

“ No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin.”

“ Then I ’ll huff, and I ’ll puff, and I ’ll blow your house in.”

And he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he huffed and he puffed, but he could *not* blow down the house.

So he said: “ Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips.”

“ Where? ” said the pig.

“ Oh, in Smith’s Home-field; and if you will be ready to-morrow morning at six o’clock, I will call for you, and we will go together and get some for dinner.”

“ Very well,” said the pig; “ I will be ready.”

But the little pig got up at five and got the turnips before the wolf came (as he did about six) and said: "Little pig, are you ready?"

The little pig said: "Ready! I've been and come back again, and got a nice potful for dinner."

The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would get even with the little pig somehow or other.

So he said: "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree."

"Where?" asked the pig.

"Oh, down at Merry Garden," replied the wolf; "and if you will not deceive me, I will come for you at five o'clock to-morrow and get some apples."

Well, the little pig got up next morning at four o'clock and went for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had far to go,

and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was coming down from it he saw the wolf coming, which frightened him very much.

When the wolf came up he said: "Little pig, are you here before me? Are they nice apples?"

"Yes," said the pig. "Shall I throw you down one?" And he threw it so far that while the wolf was gone to pick it up the little pig jumped down and ran home. The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig:

"Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon. Will you go?"

"Oh, yes!" said the pig; "I will go. What time shall you be ready?"

"At three," said the wolf. So the pig went before the time, as usual, and got to the fair and bought a butter churn. He was going home with it

when he saw the wolf coming. So he crept into the churn to hide, and by so doing he turned it round and round, and it rolled down the hill with the pig in it, which frightened the wolf so that he ran home without going to the fair.

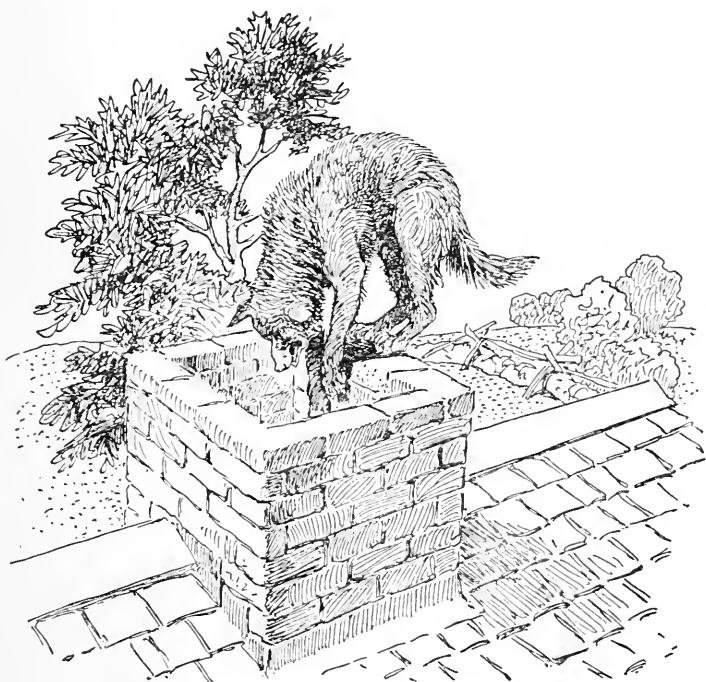
He went to the pig's house and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down-hill past him.

Then the little pig said: "Ah! I frightened you then, I did. I had been to the fair, and when I saw you I got into the churn and rolled down-hill."

Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared that he *would* eat up the little pig anyhow, and that he would get down the chimney after him.

When the pig saw what danger he was in, he hung a potful of water and

made a blazing fire, and just as the wolf was coming down he took off the cover and in fell the wolf; so then the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled him up and ate him for supper, and lived safe and happy ever afterward.



THE PANCAKE

ONCE upon a time there was a good housewife who had seven hungry children. One day she was busy frying pancakes for them, and this time she had used new milk in the making of them. One was lying in the pan frizzling away, — ah ! so beautiful and thick, — it was a pleasure to look at it. The children were standing round the fire, and the goodman sat in the corner and looked on.

“ Oh, give me a bit of pancake, mother ! I am so hungry ! ” said one child.

“ Ah, do, dear mother ! ” said the second.

“ Ah, do, dear, good mother ! ” said the third.

“ Ah, do, dear, good, kind mother ! ” said the fourth.

“ Ah, do, dear, good, kind, nice mother ! ” said the fifth.

“ Ah, do, dear, good, kind, nice, sweet mother ! ” said the sixth.

“ Ah, do, dear, good, kind, nice, sweet, darling mother ! ” said the seventh.

And thus they were all begging for pancakes, each one more prettily than the one before, because they were so hungry and such good little children.

“ Yes, children dear, wait a bit till it turns itself,” she answered,—she ought to have said, “ till I turn it,” — “ and then you shall all have pancakes, beautiful pancakes, made of new milk ; only look how thick and happy it lies there.”

When the pancake heard this it got frightened, and all of a sudden it turned itself and wanted to get out of the pan, but it fell down in it again on the other side ; and when it had been fried a little

on that side too, and felt a little stronger in the back, it jumped out on the floor and rolled away like a wheel, right through the door and down the road.

“Halloo!” cried the goodwife; and away she ran after it, with the frying pan in one hand and the ladle in the other, as fast as she could, and the children behind her, while the goodman came limping after, last of all.



“Halloo! won't you stop? Catch it! stop it! Halloo there!” they all screamed, the one louder than the other, trying to catch it on the run,

but the pancake rolled and rolled, and before long it was so far ahead that they could not see it, for the pancake was much smarter on its legs than any of them.

When it had rolled a time it met a man.

“Good day, Pancake,” said the man.

“Well met, Manny Panny,” said the pancake.

“Dear Pancake,” said the man, “don’t roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you.”

“When I have run away from Goody Poody and the goodman and seven coaxing children, I must run away from you too, Manny Panny,” said the pancake, and rolled on and on till it met a hen.

“Good day, Pancake,” said the hen.

“Good day, Henny Penny,” said the pancake.

“ My dear Pancake, don’t roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you,” said the hen.

“ When I have run away from Goody Poody and the goodman and seven coaxing children, and from Manny Panny, I must run away from you too, Henny Penny,” said the pancake, and rolled like a wheel down the road.

Then it met a cock.

“ Good day, Pancake,” said the cock.

“ Good day, Cocky Locky,” said the pancake.

“ My dear Pancake, don’t roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you,” said the cock.

“ When I have run away from Goody Poody and the goodman and seven coaxing children, from Manny Panny and Henny Penny, I must run away from you too, Cocky Locky,” said the

pancake, and rolled and rolled on as fast as it could.

When it had rolled a long time it met a duck.

“Good day, Pancake,” said the duck.

“Good day, Ducky Lucky,” said the pancake.

“My dear Pancake, don’t roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you,” said the duck.

“When I have run away from Goody Poody and the goodman and seven coaxing children, from Manny Panny and Henny Penny and Cocky Locky, I must run away from you too, Ducky Lucky,” said the pancake, and with that it fell to rolling and rolling as fast as ever it could.

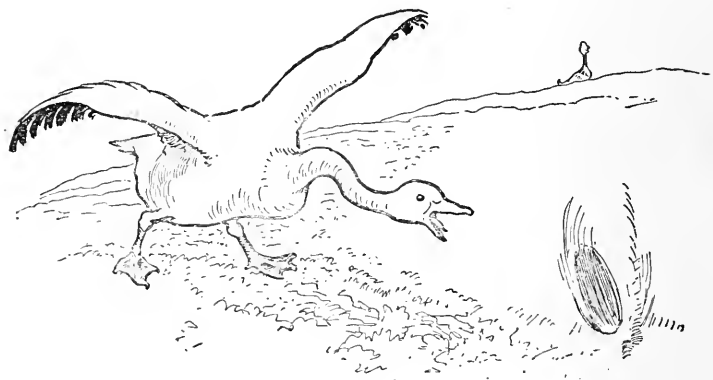
When it had rolled a long, long time it met a goose.

“Good day, Pancake,” said the goose.

“Good day, Goosey Poosey,” said the pancake.

“My dear Pancake, don’t roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you,” said the goose.

“When I have run away from Goody Poody and the goodman and seven coaxing children, and Manny Panny and Henny Penny and Cocky Locky and Ducky Lucky, I must run away



from you too, Goosey Poosey,” said the pancake, and away it rolled.

So when it had rolled a long, a very long time it met a gander.

“Good day, Pancake,” said the gander.

“Good day, Gander Pander,” said the pancake.

“My dear Pancake, don’t roll so fast, but wait a bit and let me eat you,” said the gander.

“When I have run away from Goody Poody and the goodman and seven coaxing children, and from Manny Panny and Henny Penny and Cocky Locky and Ducky Lucky and Goosey Poosey, I must run away from you too, Gander Pander,” said the pancake, and rolled and rolled as fast as it could.

When it had rolled on a long, long time it met a pig.

“Good day, Pancake,” said the pig.

“Good day, Piggy Wiggy,” said the pancake, and began to roll on faster than ever.

“Nay, wait a bit,” said the pig; “you need n’t be in such a hurry-skurry; we two can walk quietly together and keep each other company through the wood, because they say it is n’t very safe there.”

The pancake thought there might be something in that, and so they walked together through the wood; but when they had gone some distance they came to a brook.

The pig was so fat it was n’t much trouble for him to swim across, but the pancake could n’t get over.

“Sit on my snout,” said the pig, “and I will ferry you over.”

The pancake did so.

“Ouf! ouf!” grunted the pig, and swallowed the pancake in one gulp; and as the pancake couldn’t get any farther, — well, you see we can’t go on with this story any farther, either.

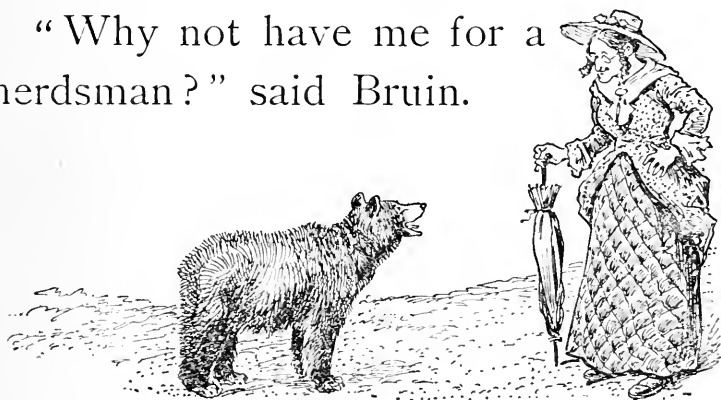
THE FOX AS HERDSMAN

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who went out to hire a herdsman, and she met a bear.

“Whither away, Goody?” said Bruin.

“Oh, I’m going out to hire a herdsman,” answered the woman.

“Why not have me for a herdsman?” said Bruin.



“Well, why not?” said the woman.
“If you only knew how to call the flock! Just let me hear how you would do it.”

“O-ow! o-ow!” growled the bear.

“No, no! I won't have you,” said the woman, as soon as she heard him say that; and off she went on her way.

So when she had gone a bit further, she met a wolf.

“Whither away, Goody?” asked the wolf.

“Oh,” said she, “I'm going out to hire a herdsman.”

“Why not have me for a herdsman?” said the wolf.

“Well, why not? If you could only call the flock! Just let me hear how you would do it,” said she.

“Uh! uh!” said the wolf.

“No, no!” said the woman; “you'll never do for me.”

After she had gone a while longer, she met a fox.



“Whither away, Goody?” asked the fox.

“Oh, I’m just going out to hire a herdsman,” said the woman.

“Why not have me for your herdsman?” asked the fox.

“Well, why not?” said she. “If you only knew how to call the flock! Let me hear how you would do it.”

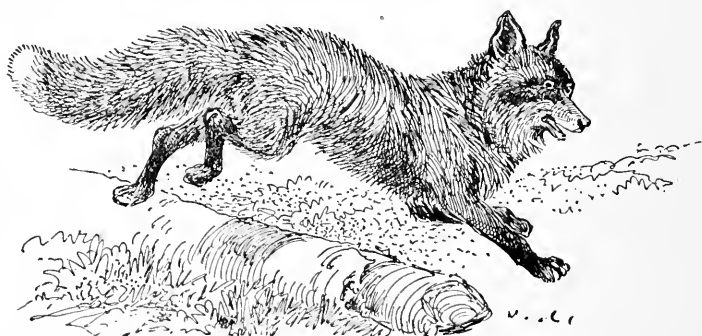
“Dil-dal-holm,” sang out the fox in a fine, clear voice.

“Yes, I’ll have you for my herdsman,” said the woman; and so she set the fox to herd her flock.

The first day the fox was herdsman he ate up all the woman’s goats; the next day he made an end of all her sheep; and the third day he ate up all her cows. When he came home on the evening of the third day, the woman asked him what he had done with all her flocks.

“Oh,” said the fox, “their skulls are in the stream, and their bodies in the woods.”

Now the woman was churning when the fox said this, but she thought she might as well step out and look after her flock; and while she was away the fox crept into the churn and ate up the cream. When the woman came back and saw that, she fell into such a rage that she snatched up the little bit of cream that was left and threw it at the fox as he ran off, so that he got a dab of it on the end of his tail, and that’s the reason why the fox has a white tip to his brush.





LAZY JACK

ONCE upon a time there was a boy whose name was Jack, and he lived with his mother upon a dreary common. They were very poor, and the old woman got her living by spinning; but Jack was so lazy that he would do nothing but bask in the sun in the hot weather, and sit by the hearth in the winter time. His mother could not persuade him to do anything for her, and was obliged at last to tell him that if he did not begin to work for his

porridge, she would turn him out to get his living as he could.

This threat at length roused Jack, and he went out and hired himself for the day to a neighboring farmer for a penny; but as he was coming home, never having had any money in his possession before, he lost it in passing over a brook.

“You stupid boy,” said his mother, “you should have put it in your pocket.”

“I’ll do so another time,” replied Jack.

The next day Jack went out again, and hired himself to a cow keeper, who gave him a jar of milk for his day’s work. Jack took the jar and put it in the large pocket of his jacket, spilling it all along the way home.

“Dear me!” said the woman; “you should have carried it on your head.”

“I’ll do so another time,” replied Jack.

The following day Jack hired himself again to a farmer, who agreed to give him a cream cheese for his services. In the evening Jack took the cheese, and went home with it on his head. By the time he got home the cheese was completely spoiled, part of it being lost, and part matted with his hair.

“You stupid lout!” said his mother; “you should have carried it very carefully in your hands.”

“I’ll do so another time,” replied Jack.

The day after this Jack again went out, and hired himself to a baker, who would give him nothing for his work but a large tomcat. Jack took the cat, and began carrying it very carefully in

his hands, but in a short time Pussy scratched him so much that he was compelled to let him go.

When he got home his mother said to him, "You silly fellow! you should have tied it with a string and dragged it along after you."

"I'll do so another time," said Jack.

The next day Jack hired himself to a butcher, who rewarded his labors by the handsome present of a shoulder of mutton.

Jack took the mutton, tied it to a string, and trailed it along after him in the dirt, so that by the time he got home the meat was completely spoiled.

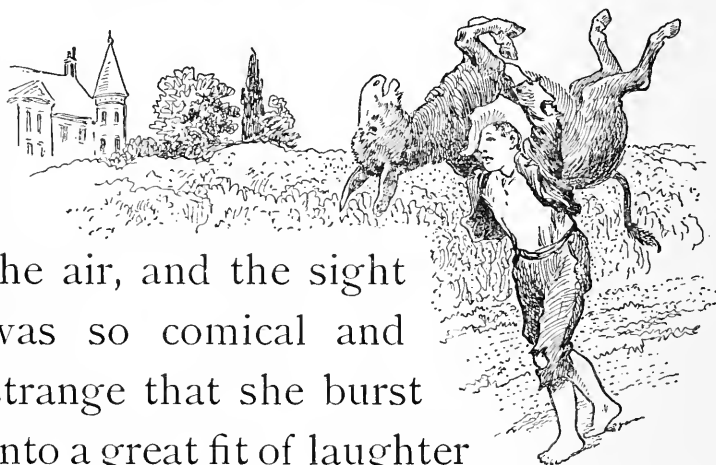
This time his mother was out of patience with him, for the next day was Sunday, and she was obliged to content herself with cabbage for her dinner.

“You ninnyhammer!” said she to her son; “you should have carried it on your shoulder.”

“I’ll do so another time,” replied Jack.

On the Monday Jack went once more, and hired himself to a cattle keeper, who gave him a donkey for his trouble. Although Jack was very strong he found some difficulty in hoisting the donkey on his shoulders; but at last he accomplished it, and began walking home with his prize. Now it happened that in the course of his journey there lived a rich man with his only daughter, a beautiful girl but unfortunately deaf and dumb. She had never laughed in her life, and the doctors said she would never recover till somebody made her laugh. Many tried without success, and at last the father,

in despair, offered her in marriage to the first man who could make her laugh. This young lady happened to be looking out of the window when Jack was passing with the donkey on his shoulders, the legs sticking up in



the air, and the sight was so comical and strange that she burst into a great fit of laughter and immediately recovered her speech and hearing. Her father was overjoyed, and fulfilled his promise by marrying her to Jack, who was thus made a rich gentleman. They lived in a large house, and Jack's mother lived with them in great happiness until she died.

THE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

IN a pleasant village far away, there once lived a little girl, who was one of the sweetest children ever seen.

Her mother loved her dearly; and as to her grandmother, she said the little one was the light of her eyes and the joy of her heart. This good old dame had a little hood of scarlet velvet made for her darling; and it was so becoming to the little girl that, for miles around, she was known as Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother baked some cakes and made fresh butter. "Go, my dear," she said to Little Red Riding Hood, "and take this cake and a pot of butter to your grandmother and see how she does; for she has been ailing, I hear, and is now ill in bed."

Little Red Riding Hood was a willing child and liked to be useful, and, besides, she loved her grandmother dearly. So she put the things in a basket and set out at once for the village where her grandmother lived, on the other side of the wood.

Just as she came to the edge of the wood Red Riding Hood met a wolf, who said to her, "Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood." He would have liked to eat her on the spot, but some woodcutters were at work near by, and he feared they might kill him in turn.

"Good morning, Master Wolf," replied the little girl, who had no thought of being afraid.

"And where may you be going?" said the wolf.

"I am going to my grandmother's," replied Little Red Riding Hood, "to

take her a cake and a pot of butter, for she is ill."

"And where does poor grandmother live?" asked the wolf.

"Down past the mill, on the other side of the wood," said the simple-hearted child.

"Well, I don't mind if I go and see her, too," said the wolf; "so I'll take this road, and do you take that, and we shall see which of us will be there soonest."

He knew well enough that he had the nearest way, for he could dash through the underbrush, and swim a pond, and so, by a very short cut, bring himself to the old dame's door. He guessed, too, that the little girl would stop to gather strawberries in the wood, and make a nosegay of sweet flowers for her old grandmother.

And sure enough, the wolf, who cared neither for strawberries nor wild flowers, was very soon at the cottage.

He knocked at the door with his paw, thump! thump!

“Who is there?” cried grandmother.

“It’s I, your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood, come to see how you are, and to bring you a cake and a pot of butter,” said the wolf, as well as he could. He made his voice sound like that of the little girl.

“Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up,” called grandmother from her bed.

The wolf pulled the bobbin, and in he went. Without a word he sprang upon the old woman and ate her up in no time, for he had not tasted food for three days.

Then he shut the door, and got into the grandmother’s bed, but first he put

on her cap and nightgown. He laughed in his sleeve to think of the trick he was to play upon Little Red Riding Hood, who must soon be coming.

All this time Little Red Riding Hood was on her way through the wood.

She stopped to listen to the birds that sang so sweetly over her head, she picked the sweet strawberries that her grandmother liked, and she made a bright nosegay of the flowers that sprang all along her way.

A wasp buzzed about her head and lighted on her flowers. "Eat as much as you like," she said, "only do not sting me." He buzzed the louder, but soon flew away.

And a little bird, a tomtit, came and pecked at the strawberries in her basket. "Take all you want, pretty

tomtit," said Little Red Riding Hood; "there will still be plenty left for grandmother and me." "Tweat, tweet," sang the bird, and was soon out of sight.

And now she came upon an old dame who was looking for cresses. "Let me fill your basket," she said; and she gave her the bread she had brought to eat by the way.

The dame soon rose and, patting the little maid upon the head, said, "Thank you, Little Red Riding Hood; and now, if you should meet the green huntsman as you go, pray give him my respects, and tell him there is game in the wind."

Little Red Riding Hood looked all about for the green huntsman. She had never seen or heard of such a person before.

At last she passed by a pool of water, so green that you would have taken it for grass. As often as she had passed that way she was sure that she had never seen it before. There she saw a huntsman, clad all in green. He stood looking at some birds that flew above his head.

“Good morning, Mr. Huntsman,” said Little Red Riding Hood; “the water-cress woman sends her respects to you, and says there is game in the wind.”

The huntsman nodded. He bent his ear to the ground to listen; then he took an arrow, and strung his bow. “What can it mean?” thought the little girl.

She came soon to her grandmother’s cottage and gave a little tap at the door. “Who’s there?” cried the wolf.

The hoarse voice made Little Red Riding Hood start, but she said to herself, "Poor grandmother must have a bad cold."

"It's I, your Little Red Riding Hood," she said. "I've come to see how you are, and to bring you a pot of butter and a cake from mother."

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," called the wolf. Little Red Riding Hood did so, and went into the cottage.

"Put the cake and butter on the table," said the wolf; "then come and help me to rise." He had turned his face away so that she saw only the grandmother's white cap.

She took off her things, and went to the bed to do as she had been bidden. "Why, grandmother," she said, "what long arms you have!"



“The better to hug you, my dear,” said the wolf.

“And, grandmother, what long ears you have!”

“The better to hear you, my dear.”

“But, grandmother, what great eyes you have!”

“The better to see you, my dear.”

“But, grandmother, what big teeth you have!”

“The better to eat you with, my dear,” said the wolf; and he was just going to spring upon poor Little Red Riding Hood, when a wasp flew into the room and stung him upon the nose.

The wolf gave a cry, and a little bird outside, a pretty tomtit, said, “Tweat, tweet!” This told the green huntsman it was time to let fly his arrow, and the wolf was killed on the spot.

LITTLE ONE EYE, LITTLE TWO EYES, AND LITTLE THREE EYES

PART ONE

THERE was a woman who had three daughters. The eldest was called Little One Eye, because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead; the second, Little Two Eyes, because she had two eyes like other people; and the youngest, Little Three Eyes, because she had three eyes, one of them being also in the middle of the forehead. Because Little Two Eyes looked no different from other people, her sisters and mother could not bear her. They said: "You with your two eyes are no better than anybody else; you do not belong to us." They knocked her about, they gave her shabby



clothes, and food which was left over from their own meals; in short, they vexed her whenever they could.

It happened that Little Two Eyes had to go out into the fields to look after the goat; but she was still quite hungry, because her sisters had given her so little to eat. She sat down on a hillock and began to cry, and she cried so much that two little streams ran down out of each eye. And as she looked up once in her sorrow, a woman stood near her, who asked, "Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?"

Little Two Eyes answered: "Have I not need to cry? Because I have two eyes like other people, my sisters and mother cannot bear me; they push me out of one corner into another, they give me shabby clothes, and I have nothing to eat but what they leave. To-day

they have given me so little that I am still hungry."

The wise woman said: "Little Two Eyes, dry your eyes, and I will tell you something that will keep you from ever being hungry again. Only say to your goat, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,' and a neatly laid table will stand before you with the most delicious food on it, so that you can eat as much as you like. And when you are satisfied, and do not want the table any more, only say, 'Little goat, bleat; little table away,' and it will all disappear before your eyes." Then the wise woman went out of sight.

Little Two Eyes thought, "I must try directly if what she has said is true, for I am much too hungry to wait." So she said, "Little goat, bleat; little table, rise"; and scarcely had she

uttered the words when there stood before her a little table, covered with a white cloth, on which were laid a plate, knife and fork, and silver spoon. The most delicious food was there also, and smoking hot, as if it had just come from the kitchen. Then Little Two Eyes said the shortest grace that she knew, "Lord God, be our guest at all times, Amen," began to eat, and found it very good. And when she had had enough, she said, as the wise woman had taught her, "Little goat, bleat; little table, away." In an instant the little table and all that had stood on it had disappeared again. "That is a beautiful, easy way of housekeeping," thought Little Two Eyes, and was quite happy and merry.

In the evening, when she came home with her goat, she found a little earthen

dish with food, which her sisters had put aside for her, but she did not touch anything — she had no need. On the next day she went out again with her goat, and let the few crusts that were given her remain uneaten. The first and the second times the sisters took no notice; but when the same thing happened every day, they remarked it, and said: “All is not right with Little Two Eyes; she always leaves her food, and she used formerly to eat up everything that was given her. She must have found other ways of dining.”

In order to discover the truth, they resolved that Little One Eye should go with Little Two Eyes when she drove the goat into the meadow, and see what she did there, and whether anybody brought her anything to eat

and drink. So when Little Two Eyes set out again, Little One Eye came to her and said, "I will go with you into the field, and see that the goat is taken proper care of, and driven to good pasture."

But Little Two Eyes saw what Little One Eye had in her mind, and she drove the goat into long grass, saying, "Come, Little One Eye, we will sit down; I will sing you something." Little One Eye sat down, being tired from the unusual walk, and from the heat of the sun, and Little Two Eyes kept on singing, "Are you awake, Little One Eye? Are you asleep, Little One Eye?" Then Little One Eye shut her one eye, and fell asleep. And when Little Two Eyes saw that Little One Eye was fast asleep, and could not betray anything, she said, "Little goat,

bleat ; little table, rise," and sat herself at her table, and ate and drank till she was satisfied ; then she called out again, " Little goat, bleat ; little table, away," and instantly everything disappeared.

Little Two Eyes now woke Little One Eye, and said, " Ah ! Little One Eye, you pretend to watch, and fall asleep over it, and in the meantime the goat could have run all over the world ; come, we will go home." Then they went home together, and Little Two Eyes again left untouched in her little earthen dish the food which had been put aside for her. When the mother asked Little One Eye why her sister would not eat she could not tell, but said, as an excuse, " Oh, I fell fast asleep out there in the field."

PART TWO

The next day the mother said to Little Three Eyes, "This time you shall go and see if Little Two Eyes eats out of doors, and if any one brings her food and drink, for she must eat and drink secretly."

Then Little Three Eyes went to Little Two Eyes and said, "I will go with you and see whether the goat is taken proper care of, and driven to good pasture." But Little Two Eyes saw what Little Three Eyes had in her mind, and drove the goat into long grass, and said as before, "We will sit down here, Little Three Eyes; I will sing you something." Little Three Eyes seated herself, being tired from the walk and the heat of the sun, and Little Two Eyes began the same song again, and sang, "Are you awake, Little Three

Eyes?" But instead of singing then as she should, "Are you asleep, Little *Three* Eyes?" she sang, through carelessness, "Are you asleep, Little *Two* Eyes?" and went on singing, "Are you awake, Little Three Eyes? Are you asleep, Little *Two* Eyes?" So the two eyes of Little Three Eyes fell asleep, but the third did not go to sleep because it was not spoken to by the verse. Little Three Eyes, to be sure, shut it, and made believe to go to sleep, but only through slyness; for she winked with it, and could see everything quite well. And when Little Two Eyes thought that Little Three Eyes was fast asleep she said her little sentence, "Little goat, bleat; little table, rise," ate and drank heartily, and then told the little table to go away again: "Little goat, bleat; little table,



away." But Little Three Eyes had seen everything. Then Little Two Eyes came to her, woke her, and said: "Ah! Little Three Eyes, have you been asleep? You keep watch well! Come, we will go home." And when they got home Little Two Eyes again did not eat, and Little Three Eyes said to the mother: "I know why the proud thing does not eat; when she says to the goat out there, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,' there stands a table before her, which is covered with the very best food, — much better than we have here; and when she is satisfied she says, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, away,' and everything is gone again. I have seen it all exactly. She put two of my eyes to sleep with her little verse, but the one on my forehead luckily remained awake."

Then the envious mother cried out, "Shall she be better off than we are?" She fetched a butcher's knife and stuck it into the goat's heart, so that it fell down dead.

When Little Two Eyes saw that, she went out full of grief, seated herself on a hillock, and wept bitter tears. All at once the wise woman stood near her again, and said, "Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?"

"Shall I not cry?" answered she. "The goat who laid the table so beautifully every day when I said your little verse has been killed by my mother; now I must suffer hunger and thirst again."

The wise woman said, "Little Two Eyes, I will give you some good advice. Beg your sisters to give you the heart of the murdered goat, and bury

it in the ground before the house door, and it will turn out lucky for you." Then she disappeared, and Little Two Eyes went home and said to her sisters, "Dear sisters, give me some part of my goat; I don't ask for anything good, only give me the heart."

Then they laughed and said, "You can have that if you do not want anything else." Little Two Eyes took the heart, and buried it quietly in the evening before the house door, after the advice of the wise woman.

Next morning, when the sisters woke, and went to the house door together, there stood a most wonderful splendid tree, with leaves of silver, and fruit of gold hanging between them. Nothing more beautiful or charming could be seen in the wide world. But they did not know how the tree had come there

in the night. Little Two Eyes alone noticed that it had grown out of the heart of the goat, for it stood just where she had buried it in the ground.

Then the mother said to Little One Eye, "Climb up, my child, and gather us some fruit from the tree."

Little One Eye climbed up, but when she wanted to seize a golden apple, the branch sprang out of her hand; this happened every time, so that she could not gather a single apple, though she tried as much as she could.

Then the mother said, "Little Three Eyes, do you climb up; you can see better about you with your three eyes than Little One Eye can."

Little One Eye scrambled down, and Little Three Eyes climbed up. But Little Three Eyes was no cleverer, and might look about her as much as she

liked—the golden apples always sprang back from her grasp. At last the mother became impatient, and climbed up herself, but could touch the fruit just as little as Little One Eye or Little Three Eyes; she always grasped the empty air.

Then Little Two Eyes said, “I will go up myself; perhaps I shall prosper better.”

“You!” cried the sisters, “with your two eyes, what can you do?”

But Little Two Eyes climbed up, and the golden apples did not spring away from her, but dropped of themselves into her hand, so that she could gather one after the other, and brought down a whole apronful. Her mother took them from her, and instead of her sisters, Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes, behaving better to poor Little

Two Eyes for it, they were only envious of her because she alone could get the fruit, and behaved still more cruelly to her.

PART THREE

It happened, as they stood together by the tree, one day, that a young knight came by.

“Quick, Little Two Eyes,” cried the two sisters, “creep under, so that we may not be ashamed of you,” and threw over poor Little Two Eyes, in a great hurry, an empty cask that stood just by the tree, and pushed also beside her the golden apples which she had broken off.

Now, as the knight came nearer, he proved to be a handsome prince, who stood still, admired the beautiful tree of gold and silver, and said to the two sisters :

“To whom does this beautiful tree belong? She who gives me a branch of it shall have whatever she wishes.”

Then Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes answered that the tree was theirs, and they would break off a branch for him. They both of them gave themselves a great deal of trouble, but it was of no use, for the branches and fruit sprang back from them every time.

Then the knight said, “It is very wonderful that the tree belongs to you, and yet you have not the power of gathering anything from it.”

They insisted, however, that the tree was their own property. But as they spoke Little Two Eyes rolled a few golden apples from under the cask, so that they ran to the feet of the knight; for Little Two Eyes was angry that

Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes did not tell the truth.

When the knight saw the apples he was astonished, and asked where they came from. Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes answered that they had another sister, who might not, however, show herself, because she had only two eyes, like other common people. But the knight desired to see her, and called out, "Little Two Eyes, come out!" Then Little Two Eyes came out of the cask quite comforted, and the knight was astonished at her great beauty, and said, "You, Little Two Eyes, can certainly gather me a branch from the tree."

"Yes," answered Little Two Eyes, "I can do that, for the tree belongs to me." And she climbed up and easily broke off a branch, with its silver

leaves and golden fruit, and handed it to the knight.

Then the knight said, "Little Two Eyes, what shall I give you for it?"

"Oh," answered Little Two Eyes, "I suffer hunger and thirst, sorrow and want, from early morning till late evening; if you would take me with you and free me, I should be happy."



Then the brave knight lifted Little Two Eyes on his horse, and took her home to his paternal castle. There he gave her beautiful clothes, food and drink, as much as she wanted, and because he loved her so much he married her, and the marriage was celebrated with great joy.

Now, when Little Two Eyes was taken away by the handsome knight, her sisters envied her her happiness very much. "The wonderful tree remains for us, though," thought they; "and even though we cannot gather any of its fruit, every one will stand still before it, and come to us and praise it." But the next morning the tree had disappeared, and all their hopes with it.

Little Two Eyes lived happy a long time. One day two poor women came to her at the castle and begged alms. Little Two Eyes recognized her sisters, who had fallen into such poverty that they had to wander about and seek their bread from door to door. Little Two Eyes took good care of them, for they had both repented from their hearts the evil they had done their sister in their youth.

GIRLS and boys,
Come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day ;
Leave your supper,
And leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into
the street.
Come with a whoop,
Come with a call,
Come with a good will or come not at
all.

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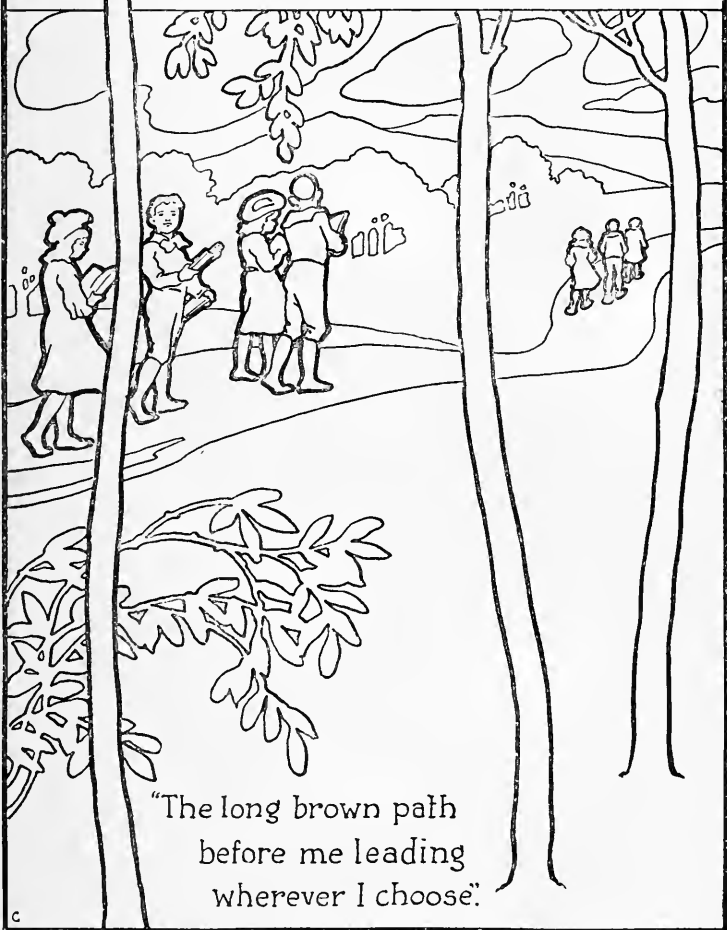
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before me leading
wherever I choose."



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